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The Front Page

NO MATTER what happens in connection with it between the time of our going to press and the time when these lines are read, the Montreal street railway strike, which in the early days of this week was paralyzing the war industries and peace industries of the largest city in the Dominion, will have shed a flood of light upon the conditions introduced into the labor field by the rivalry between the two great worker organizations.

Incredible as it may appear, the determining cause of this strike was the objection of the Congress of Labor adherents to the holding of a ballot by the A.F. of L. union (which has for years been the bargaining agency for the workers) on the question of authorizing the latter union to proceed further with negotiations for the improvement of working conditions. The only act of the employers which was objected to was the permission to the A.F. of L. union to hold this vote. The entire business of the largest city in Canada was disrupted and an immense amount of production of war materials prevented, by nothing else than a dispute between two unions as to which should represent the workers—a dispute moreover which should never have arisen because one union had for years been the accepted representative! It may be added that it is precisely this type of situation which the Labor Court proposed by the Conant Government in Ontario is designed to prevent.

Let it be noted further that there is no suggestion possible that the union which has been acting for the Montreal workers is a "company" union. All that is claimed against it is that it no longer has the support of a majority of the workers. That may or may not be true, but if it is true the reason is very simple: it is that the Congress adherents promise that they will get more money or more favorable working conditions out of the employing company than the older union. And let it be noted yet further that the agreement with the A. F. of L. union was entered into for the duration of the war, so that the men who are now agitating for a switch to a new union are quite plainly asking the workers to break an obligation entered into on their behalf by their chosen representatives.

We hear a great deal, from the self-appointed friends of labor, about democracy in labor relations. Democracy is not workable without responsibility. Agreements have no value unless they are going to be lived up to. The methods of democracy do not include intimidation or violence. The plain, law-abiding citizen has little enough sympathy with intimidation and violence even when employed against professional strike-breakers brought in by the employer from outside; but the intimidation and violence which prevented the operation of the Montreal streetcars even with ten policemen to a car were not directed against "finks," they were directed against fellow-workers whose only crime was that of continuing to support a union which the strikers had once supported but had ceased to support. Labor will have to do better than this if it is going to effect any increase in its political power when the citizens of Quebec, or of Ontario or Canada, are next called to the polls.

Ration the Beer

THE situation in regard to the sale of beer in most of the populous cities of Ontario, and probably of other provinces, is extremely bad. The sudden and excessive restriction of supply, together with the almost equally sudden expansion of two-shift and three-shift employment, (making it difficult for the worker to do his shopping or his beverage-room drinking at the customary hours), has imparted a very lively stimulus to the bootleg industry. Men and women who find the beverage rooms closed long before the regular hour, because they have been "drunk dry" of their daily allotment, proceed in too many instances to inquire where in the vicinity there is an obliging establishment which will provide them with a quart or two, and they are quite willing to pay slightly more than the beverage-room price—which itself affords a neat profit over the brewer's warehouse price. A demand like that inevitably causes the rise of a large number of such obliging establishments, for the profit is assured, loss is impossible, no capital is required, and the only risk is that of a call from the police.

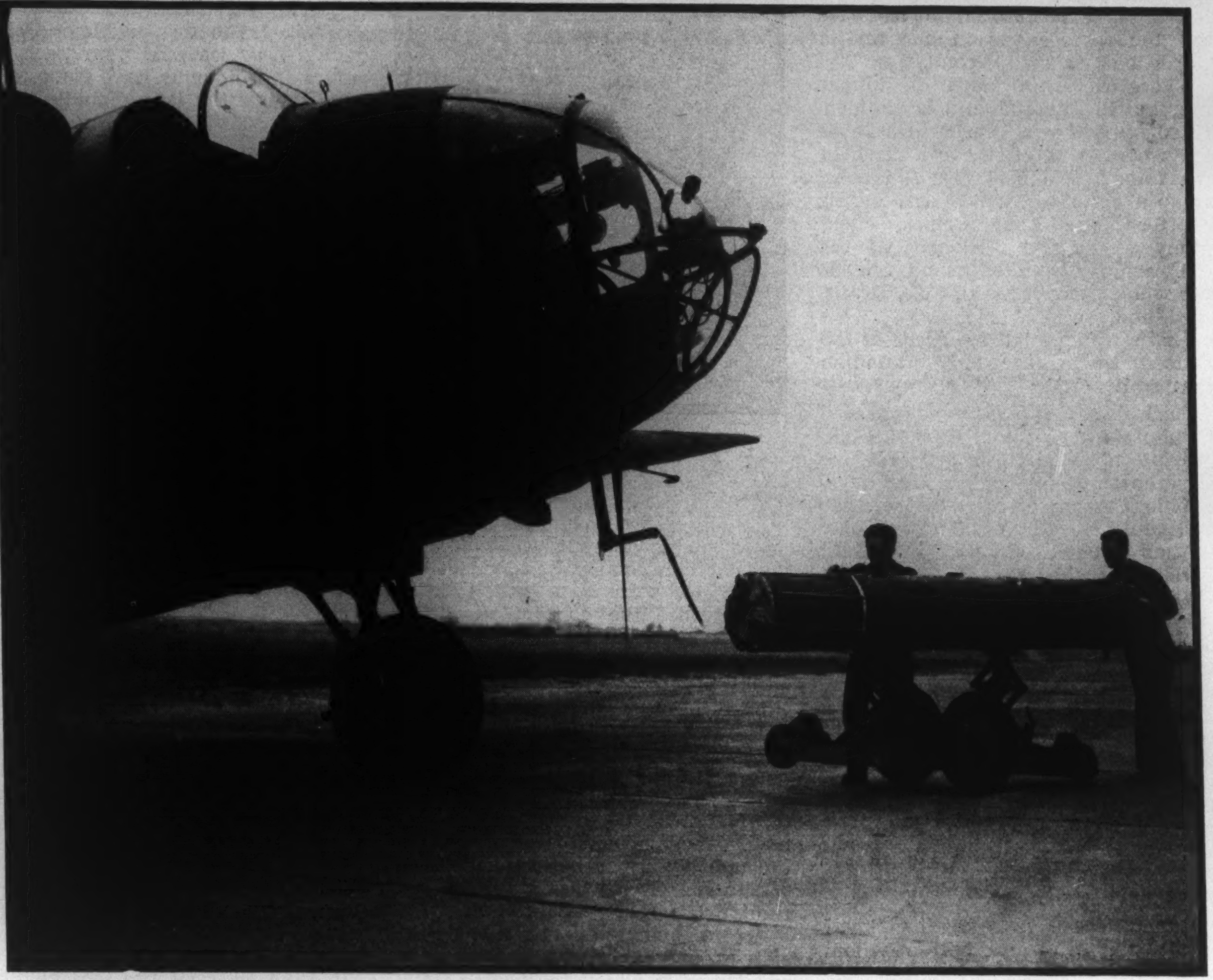
There is a theoretical limit on the amount that may be purchased by one individual, but a family with three or four adult members can easily acquire enough every day, by running round to different warehouses, to carry on a very substantial illicit business. The evil social consequences, of course, arise not so much out of the supplying of the beer to consumers as out of the conditions under which the sale is carried on. An establishment where one kind of illegal business is carried on always develops other kinds to accompany it, for once you are under the ban of the law you might as well do all the things that are prohibited instead of restricting yourself to only one of them.

Difficult as it may be, rationing seems to be the only effective method of dealing with this problem. The difficulties arise out of the fact that beer is not, like butter, a necessity which is consumed more or less evenly by all the population; it is consumed much too heavily by some, fairly heavily by others, and not at all by many. The ration allowance would have to be pretty substantial, or the number of those who would be dissatisfied with it and would still resort to bootleggers would be large. If it is too small, the ration tickets of those who do not consume it (and we can hardly refuse tickets to people merely because they have not hitherto drunk beer) would acquire a considerable cash value, and while the conscientious abstainer would no doubt refuse to sell, a good many abstainers who merely do not like beer would probably turn their rights over to the bootleggers.

But rationing on any scale would certainly add to the difficulties of the bootleggers in getting supplies, and that is the easiest point at which to attack his business. It must, we think, be attacked, and that very speedily; and further restrictions on the hours of sale, or on any other factor except the amount obtainable by each individual in a given period, are not in the interests of either law or temperance.

The present situation is causing grave inconvenience, and corresponding dissatisfaction, among people whose desire for beer is perfectly legitimate and who do not wish to have to break the law in satisfying it. It is driving many others into breaking the law, and it is turning some citizens into professional law-breakers by offering them a large profit with little risk. It will rapidly become much worse if it is not soon improved.

Whatever is done about this situation should be done promptly, for another reason also. It is impairing the morale of a considerable part of the wage-earning population, who feel that they are being hampered in one of their valued pleasures, while other classes make no corresponding sacrifice. We confess to a feeling that the whole problem has been made something of a football between different governing bodies, and in the interests of national unity we urge that they get together and tackle it before the new loan campaign is under way.



MENACE TO ENEMY BALTIC SHIPPING: MINES LIKE THIS ARE SOWN NIGHTLY BY RAF BOMBER CREWS. ABOVE, A HAMPDEN MINE-LAYER RECEIVES ITS LOAD.

Vitamin Garden

See articles on pages 22 and 27

Sir Edward Beatty

SIR EDWARD BEATTY, whose death last week at a relatively early age can unquestionably be ascribed to excessive devotion to work, had two of the most valuable qualities that a top-flight executive can possess. He was very seldom wrong, and he never believed it possible that he could be wrong. A man of great firmness and decision, he saw his problems as a very closely-knit pattern, and he seldom had to weigh the pros and cons of any particular question very long, because the answer to it was largely determined by the general pattern of policy which he had laid out, whether it was for himself, or for the Canadian Pacific Railway, or for McGill University, or for Canada. Once that pattern had been laid out, he did not deviate from it. A man of less tenacity would have abandoned the idea that a feasible solution of the Canadian transportation problem was the amalgamation of the two great railways under C.P.R. management. Could it have been viewed as a business problem solely he would no doubt have been right; but it had to be viewed as a political problem primarily, and the "pattern" principle is much less workable in politics.

Sir Edward was as profoundly devoted to the progress of Canada as any citizen living within his period. He saw it as largely connected with the progress of transportation, which was a sound enough vision, and his close association with the highways of steel did not blind him too much to the importance of the highways of concrete, and not at all to that of the highways of the air and the ocean. He went on believing in immigration, as we shall all come back to believing in it eventually, throughout the period when most Canadians were frightened about the ability of the country to maintain even the population it already had; and it was under his guidance that his company performed, through its refugee settlements, one of the most valuable transplantations of populations that Canada has ever seen.

His breakdown, and his death not long after, occurred at a time when there was not only a greater need for the services of every able Canadian than there has ever been before, but also at a time when he himself was becoming fitted for public service on a higher level than ever. There is no doubt that the experiences of the depression period exercised a genuinely liberalizing effect upon him as upon many other Canadians whose views of life had earlier been

(Continued on Page Three)

FEATURES IN THIS ISSUE

		Page
How We Should Look at Europe	H. Noel Fieldhouse	6
Has Tunisia Delayed Our Invasion?	Willson Woodside	12
"Mr. Alldone's Awful Day"	Stephen Leacock	16
"Customer's Comeuppance"	Mary Lowrey Ross	29
Temporary Housing Should Be Temporary	E. G. Faludi	5
Troubles of Britain's "Public" Schools	P. O'D.	14
Gardening as a Sport	Elizabeth Wentworth	27

THE BUSINESS FRONT

That Cost-of-living Index	Wm. J. Bryans	30
Unemployment in Total War	P. M. Richards	30
Study of Management Problems	George Gilbert	34

NAME IN THE NEWS

Bialystok-McGill-Oxford-Ottawa

BY COROLYN COX

DAVID LEWIS is, by general admission, one of the most brilliant young men in Canada. He has been associated with an outstanding legal firm, and his demonstrated talents and training, combined with his sticking capacity, would undoubtedly have carried him to the top either in business or in the law. He has chosen to devote his life to furthering the labor movement in general, the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation in particular. He is National Secretary of that political party, and will stand for election to Parliament in a forthcoming by-election in Quebec.

David Lewis is thirty-four, was born in "White Russia" in the town of Swislocz, near Bialystok, the son of a leather worker. His earliest memories are of dead bodies along his village street, hiding in cellars with his mother during air raids and bombardments, German soldiers, Polish army, Bolshevik revolutionaries alternately sweeping through his community, which suffered four different governments in five years. In 1921 his father escaped from these uncertainties by emigrating to Montreal, found himself a job in a clothing factory, sent for his wife and children to join him.

David went to the public school in Montreal, learned English, skipped through the grades, polished off Baron Byng High School in three years. He entered McGill University to become at once its *enfant terrible*. He worked his way through, as census taker, spieler on sightseeing buses, tutor, clerk, and in numerous unskilled "white collar" jobs.

Throughout he identified himself with McGill and Montreal labor groups, edited *The McGilliad*, mouthpiece of undergraduate adolescent intellectualism, won the Talbot-Papineau debating cup, became secretary of the Montreal Labor Party—unpaid.

Canadian Fabian

After taking his B.A. in 1931, he went right into McGill Law School, joined the League for Social Reconstruction, Canadian equivalent of the Fabian Society, which produced "Social Planning for Canada" and was the gathering ground for Frank Scott, Graham Spry, Eugene Forsey, King Gordon and the like.

Lewis applied for a Rhodes Scholarship on a dare from one of his professors. Armed with the advantage of expecting nothing, he somewhat jauntily faced a forty-five minute gruelling by a Rhodes Scholarship Selection Committee that included Sir Edward Beatty and Arnold Heeney. Not his scholastic qualifications but his "views" were what concerned them. If he were prime minister of Canada, asked Sir Edward, what would be the first thing Lewis would do. The candidate replied with a smile that he would nationalize the C.P.R. To Sir Edward's memory be it chalked up that Lewis was given the scholarship, and if Arnold Heeney, Clerk of the Privy Seal, finds himself one day working for a socialist prime minister, he will have himself to thank for it.

Lewis had, perforce, inexpensive habits. Over in England, the annual stipend paid by his scholarship met what was for him an expanding budget. Residence in Lincoln College, Oxford, for a young man whose milieu was the labor movement, left something over for adventurous summer vacations. During two of these he traipsed over Europe, sat on hard wooden benches in third-class railway carriages, ate standing up at station restaurant counters, studied peoples and labor movements, saw plays and operas, went to Salzburg Festival.

Five terms through jurisprudence at Oxford, Lewis switched to Modern Greats, essential to equip him fully for his future in the labor movement, but against all tutorial advice. He did the three years in one and a third, took an easy Second.

These were the days of hunger marches in England, and Lewis identified himself with the British labor movement, was on the executive of the Labor Club of Oxford. He became a close personal friend of Sir Stafford and Lady Cripps, spent many weeks and week-ends at the Cripps home, counted as his friends the whole galaxy, Laski, Cole, Brailsford, and the like.

Lewis was elected president of the Oxford Union, the only Canadian ever so honored.

Back here in 1935, he discovered in himself a profound Canadianism. Having no money, he married his sweetheart of his high school days, Sophie Carson, on the theory that two could starve as cheaply as one.

Then Russell Smart, who had handled cases for Sir Stafford Cripps, brought Lewis to Ottawa to join the firm of Smart and Biggar, attorneys specializing in patents, trade marks and copyright. He was with them from 1935 to 1938.

On his first appearance at a CCF convention, Lewis was put on the National Council, later on the Executive, and in 1937 made National Secretary, a post he filled for two years without pay. In the fall of '38 he left his law job to give full time to the CCF on a modest salary that has risen but little since.

Canada seems to be dividing itself into two main groups, both of whom want more abundant living, wider enjoyment of the fruits of democracy for all its citizens. Basic difference between them is that one group hopes to bring about the better order through regulated capitalism, the other plumps for Socialism. David Lewis plumps for Socialism.

Basis of the Good Society, according to Lewis, can be found in the Koran, the Old Testament, the New Testament, and within the minds of men of all religious creeds, races, colors. Capitalism, he says, is a soul-less society in which the search for a soul is permitted. Fascism is a soul-less society in which that search itself is forbidden. Democratic Socialism is determined to lay the material and spiritual basis for the Good Society by restoring the resources of the country to the people and thereby eliminating the suffering, injustice and internal conflicts of the present system.

Lewis also protests the heritage of John Stuart Mill Liberalism, as he calls it, the negative conception of peace as absence of war, internal peace as the absence of strikes, industrial conflicts and racial disharmony. He wishes to put positive content into the concept of peace, positive action to achieve, active existence of co-operative machinery for social progress, not merely for settling disputes. There should be mutual assistance so that disputes arise less frequently. On this basis, he points out, the International Labor Office has endured when the League of Nations failed, is functioning now, not by avoidance of strife, but through studies in bettering housing conditions, improving standards of the world's living and working.

Action to bring about the Good Society would begin with creating the conditions in which the people could *take* what they need for fuller living. The assumption that government under Socialism would *give* them benefits — handouts — is quite contrary to Lewis' beliefs. Socialization of industry would also prove not the upheaval people imagine. Facts of this war, he points out, have already taught unwilling people more than did nine years of sincere lecturing from the late J. S. Woodsworth, revered first chief of the CCF Party.

Circumstances would determine procedure, but the principal change would be an Act of Parliament enabling the transfer of ownership of Corporation X, making it, in our monarchical language, the property of His Majesty. Compensation would be given the present owners in the form of annuities or perhaps non-transferable bonds. The greater the number of stockholders, the greater the obligation. Fairness and public welfare would govern the arrangements, welfare being always the first consideration.

—Photo by Karsh.

DAVID LEWIS

Even I Have Given

BY MARY ELIZABETH COLMAN

I WHOSE body has never been swollen with the sweet intimacy of new life,
whose blood sings and surges in no new generation,
whose longing breasts have never felt the tug of tiny puckered lips,
whose arms have never held a new human being molded of my flesh, quickened by my pulse,
Even I have given sons and daughters to fight with beasts at Ephesus.

They meet cold death in the sea at night
foam their shroud and wind their passing bell;
They gasp out their breath on desert sands,
or at the foot of tropic trees where strange flowers dropping in the still hot air spread a gaudy pall on the newly dead;
They die in the air and rush earthward like falling stars;
All these young bodies, tenements and guardians of life
broken in a new sacrament of liberty.

They sat before me at their desks.
Little boys with dirty hands and shining eyes,
their thoughts all of cops and robbers, baseball or football as the seasons went;
Little girls with surreptitious rouge on rosy cheeks
and borrowed lipstick that could not conceal the tender curves of childish mouths,
thinking of paper dolls, of parties or new clothes;
Mine to lure them to the ways of learning, set their feet in wisdom's ways,
let them glimpse the riches of the past, the burdens of the future,
answer their unconscious cry to be girt with more than knowledge,
to be armed with more than skill.

Men and women whose childhood I nurtured,
each of you has something of myself woven into the fibre of his being;
God grant, though I be forgotten, lost in the mists of your nonage,
in the time of your need my work endure.

DEAR MR. EDITOR

Was Poland a Republic?

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

I HAVE just finished reading Lawrence J. Burpee's article on Poland in a recent issue of your periodical and many thoughts have come to my mind about the late republic of Poland.

The question in one's mind is: Was the Polish Republic a Democracy or not? Those who know something about pre-1939 Poland would emphatically answer NO. Poland at that period, and as a matter of fact the Poland of 1924 to 1939, was NOT a Democracy. It was simply a Dictatorship of a military clique and landed gentry over the poor and landless peasants.

I lived in Poland for over four years and never saw any signs of a democratic government as we know it in Canada. In the early days of the Republic there was an attempt to establish a truly democratic government. There were bona fide elections and a President was elected. He was, I recall, Gabriel Narutowitch, and I believe that he was brought from France to assume this high office. He was duly elected, and I have no doubt that Poland would then have embarked on a democratic way of life. Unfortunately for the people of Poland, Mr. Narutowitch was assassinated by one of the landed class, and that was the end of Polish democracy.

Marshal Joseph Pilsudski then took over the actual government of the country (but not the civil government), and although the Marshal was a great and true Polish patriot and a world renowned army general he was certainly not a democrat. You can take as proof the treatment accorded to minorities in Poland at that time. Ukrainians, Byelo-Russians and Jews were treated almost as badly as they are under Hitler's regime.

I lived in a small town near Pinsk, and the first thing the Polish government at that time did was to confiscate the Russian Orthodox church in the town and turn it into a Roman Catholic church. You would hardly call that a democratic gesture! Russian and Jewish schools were closed. No Jew or Russian could hold a government office, and nothing but contempt was shown by the Poles to the Russian and Jewish population of that section of the country, although the Poles were greatly in the minority. They instituted a "Numerus Clausus" in their high schools and universities and thereby barred the minorities from higher education. Anti-Semitism was encouraged by the government, and one of the prominent political parties, the N.D.'s, or National Democrats, adopted it as one of their planks.

Many more things could be said about the terrible mismanagement of the once promising young Polish Republic, but it is better to forget the past and look forward to the day in the not too distant future when a new Poland will be reborn, a Poland of liberty, freedom, and tolerance. To quote from General Sikorsky's recent article in Collier's magazine, "Poland has decided to adapt a democratic government along the pattern of the U.S.A. and Britain. All Polish citizens are to be equal and all, regardless of origin, race, or creed, are to enjoy equal rights and to have equal obligations." We all sincerely hope so.

Cochrane, Ont. M. D. DUBIN.

Poland and Russia

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

IN RECENT articles in SATURDAY NIGHT, Mr. Jack Anders and I have expressed somewhat opposing views as to the place Poland will take in the post-war world. I have no desire to carry the controversy any further, but do feel that, in the interest of fair play and truth, one or two statements in Mr. Anders' comment in the March 20 number should be corrected.

Mr. Anders is a little careless in his interpretation. I did not say that all Poles were gallant or that General Sikorski was a hero. I said that the Poles put up a most gallant fight against overwhelming odds, and that any government headed by Sikorski could be trusted to deal justly with the Germans. Quite a different matter. Sikorski, it seems to me, is something that in these difficult times is more important than a hero: he is a wise, honest and far-sighted statesman—of the same democratic spirit as Winston Churchill, Franklin Roosevelt and Mackenzie King,—and one who is determined, when freedom has been restored to his country, to build there a community that will be democratic in spirit as well as in form.

"Sikorski," says Mr. Anders, "started as a Marxist and gained his spurs in the wanton aggressive war of Poland against the Soviet Union in 1920." I do not know where Mr. Anders could have got his ideas of Sikorski, or even exactly what he means by Marxist, but those who are much better informed in this particular matter have assured me that Sikorski has never at any time been other than a convinced democrat. In any event, does it matter what Sikorski's political views were twenty or thirty years ago? Are we not concerned, and solely concerned, with his policy of today? And that policy is closely identified with the political principles of the British Commonwealth and the United States.

Whether or not the war of 1920 can be described as "the wanton aggressive war of Poland against the Soviet Union" is, of course, a matter of opinion, and Mr. Anders is quite entitled to his opinion. He does seem, though, to be confusing this war with Napoleon's campaign of 1811. It was not, in 1920, as you will remember, a Polish army retreating from the flames of Moscow, but the army of Trotsky that was pushed back from the very gates of Warsaw.

"About General Sikorski," concludes Mr. Anders, "does Mr. Burpee know that a number of his Government in London are virulently anti-Soviet, and that their paper *Mysl Polska* is a constant source of embarrassment to the British Government?" I did not know that these things were true, except that *Mysl Polska* was a source of embarrassment to the British Government,—for the sufficient reason that they were quite definitely untrue. My information, and I know it to be entirely reliable, is that *Mysl Polska* is a source of even greater embarrassment to the Polish than to the British Government; that it is bitterly opposed to Sikorski and his Government; and that no member of the Sikorski Government, past or present, has now or has ever had anything to do with *Mysl Polska*.

Ottawa, Ont. L. J. BURPEE.

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THE FRONT PAGE

(Continued from Page One)

too much concerned with the money market and the efficient production of goods and services of a merchantable character. There was deep significance in his last utterance to the graduates of McGill when, asking them to remember both what the previous generation had accomplished for human happiness and where it had failed, he concluded: "Will you listen when we tell you that we thought too much of material wealth and intellectual skill? Will you believe me when I say that all the

NON NOBIS

NOT for our sake your life was ended thus,
In the red air, by the white me'al fly'ng.
You died for yourself; you did not die for us.
What have we ever done that was worth your dying?

You were no scapegoat of the bungled past,
No dupe of any politician's scheming.
Your own hand staked your own life on the cast,
For you were awake when most of us were dreaming.

Honestly, simply, almost without emotion
You matched the risk with what there was to lose.
And chanced a death you never would have chosen
Rather than risk a life you could not choose.

Your free mind saw the end from the beginning;
We will not shame it now with fawning breath.
Your fight is fought. Our freedom waits our winning.
We have no claim, no proxy in your death.

Vancouver, B.C. L. A. MACKAY

troubles of the world which you inherit could have been avoided had we thought less of wealth and more of human happiness?"

Nobody has ever suggested that it was his own personal wealth that the C.P.R. president was concerned about, but in that admission that Canadians of the past had thought too much about the importance of business success and too little about the lives of the human beings around them there was heard the voice of the very best, the finest part of Edward Beatty, and it is with deep sorrow that his friends learned last week that that voice was for ever stilled.

Anti-Fascist War

THE attitude of mind of those Canadians who can see this war only from the standpoint of the Canadian Communist party is a constant source of mystification to us. Two weeks ago we took the liberty of remarking that the task, the objectives and the spirit of the Canadian army today, concerning which Mr. Tim Buck is so congratulatory, are exactly the same as they were when Mr. Buck was telling them that they were just so much cannon-fodder sent to the slaughter by the imperialist capitalists. To this Mr. F. A. McManus, of Toronto, replies that our comment would appeal only to the Colonel Blimps of Canada. "With the exception of China, this was not a genuine anti-Fascist war until the invasion of the Soviet Union. It was not to be expected that the same people who assisted Fascism in Spain and who helped to build up Hitler's war machine would conduct a genuine war against the Nazis."

This is the correct party line, and since it is obvious that a party which was damning the war on June 21, 1941, and heartily supporting it on June 23 of the same year must have some means of rationalizing its position in order to maintain its own self-respect we suppose we ought not to be too critical. (In Canada the difficulties of the Communist party on the head of consistency are even greater than elsewhere, for it supported Duplessis and all the most rampant isolationist and also anti-Communist elements of French Canada—the very elements which were most violently opposed to the rendering of any assistance by Canadians to the legitimate government in the Spanish war.) But when we recall that for nearly two years the Soviet government—no doubt for excellent reasons of its own—was equally "helping to build up Hitler's war machine" by sell-

DRIFTING

ing it much-needed supplies, while its stooges abroad were industriously striving to diminish the resistance put up by the British nations against that war machine, we cannot help questioning the assumption that the Soviet government is the only one which ever conducts a "genuine anti-Fascist war."

The truth is, of course, that what Mr. McManus means by an anti-Fascist war is simply a war for the advancement of Communism. With that interpretation, all that he says is true. We can even add to it, that the British nations and the United States—and China—are not fighting an anti-Fascist war to this very day and moment, and probably never will be. But they are fighting an awfully good war against the Nazis and Fascists. And so they were in the days of the Hitler-Stalin Non-Aggression Pact.

Ontario Labor Bill

THE Bill prepared by the special committee of the Ontario Legislature on labor legislation contains some untidy drafting, as was to be expected in view of the haste of its preparation, but it is not to be summarily rejected as unworthy of serious attention because it undertakes to prevent any employer from refusing to bargain collectively with representatives freely chosen by his employees, nor because this prohibition may lead to a considerable extension of union membership. Lamentable as this prospect may seem to many, it is not unconstitutional, and if the legislators are right in thinking that it is desired by a majority of the electors it would be unwise of them to refuse to grant it.

The Bill contains very important provisions making for the responsibility and good faith of the bargaining agency. In the first place it must be certified as the appropriate bargaining agency for an appropriate unit of employees, and the certification is done by the Labor Court and can be revoked by the Labor Court, and can in particular be revoked for fraud in its procurement or for violation of an order of the court. These provisions, in the hands of an able judge (and the Government we are confident realizes that the system can only succeed if able men are employed to get it going), should afford the basis for the gradual building up of a valuable body of labor jurisprudence, in which the employee organization will take on more and more of the character of a legally responsible body.

The Bill is immensely superior to the purely vote-catching document put out by the Ontario CCF, which can hardly have had any other purpose than to lure labor with promises of the unattainable, since it was so completely devoid of all safeguards for the employer that it would be impossible, were it ever enacted, to secure a dollar's worth of new private capital for Ontario enterprise—a situation which possibly would not distress the CCF but which would be very bad for the province if it is going to remain under the capitalistic system.

The committee Bill prohibits many actions not only of the employer but also of the bargaining agency and the employee. Coercion and intimidation are prohibited as much to the union as to the employer. The certified bargaining agency shall file its constitution and bylaws, and a sworn annual statement of its finances, and shall hold an election of officers annually. The power to revoke the certificate should, we think, be sufficient to enable the court to ascertain whether this election is properly conducted and to prevent any gross or persistent irregularities. The clause prohibiting the "company union" about which the labor people are so insistent is more reasonable than the CCF one, in that in order to be banned the union must be "improperly" assisted or influenced by the employer.

All legislation of this kind makes the employment of the individual subject to conditions imposed by a majority of his fellow-workers as well as to those imposed by the employer; indeed the two sets of conditions may be regarded as amalgamated into one set by means of the collective agreement. It is possible to denounce this as an invasion of individual liberty, and equally possible to uphold it as ensuring to the employees of the "suitable unit" at least a collective voice in determining the conditions of their employment. The Bill aims to remove one of the most serious causes of labor unrest at the present time, namely the conflicts between organizations as to which is the suitable agency for the suitable unit, and to prevent any such organization from misbehaving itself too grossly after it has secured recognition. It deserves the reasonable and dispassionate consideration of both the Legislature and the electors.

Soviet Shootings

WHILE it is quite easy to understand the vehemence of the feelings of the CCF leaders towards the Communists who are their chief competitors for the votes of the socialistically-inclined, we think that they have carried the party too far when they caused it to try to make a sort of Sacco-Vanzetti case against the Soviet Government over the shooting of Alter and Ehrlich, two veteran Polish Socialists who were convicted of propagandizing in the Soviet army for a separate peace with Hitler.

They were well known in international socialist circles and appear to have been men of estimable character; but the view that they could not possibly have been guilty of anything resembling the crime with which they are charged seems unconvincing. The Soviet Government is clearly determined not to reconstitute Poland as it existed in 1939, and that fact alone might well lead a patriotic Pole to desire a termination of the war on terms falling a long way short of Soviet victory. Unfortunately such an attitude is bound to be regarded as treason in a state which is fighting, not only for its life, but also for a very considerable expansion of its existing boundaries; and treason in wartime, no matter how excellent its motives, is bound to be severely punished.

THE PASSING SHOW

WE WISH the CCF (in its periodical *News Comment* for March 15) wouldn't call Lord Bennett a "renegade Canadian". It makes Mr. Coldwell a renegade Englishman, and we hate to think of him as such.

•

Food will win the war. In other words, the war of attrition has given place to the war of nutrition.

•

Some of these radio talkers seem to us to be very small potatoes—almost common 'taters.

•

Odd that you can get a Marsh from a Beveridge but you can't get a beverage from a marsh.

•

Gremlins

They must be wrong, the folks who say that Gremlins only try
Their impish tricks upon the men who cruise about the sky.
It's quite some time since I have sped through space up in the air,
Yet I will bet that in my phone there is a lively pair,
Who switch me to wrong numbers, and who bang and even howl,
And cut off my connection in the middle of a vowel.

NICK.

•

We do not want Russia to make a separate peace and do not expect her to, but it *would* be interesting to know where the Canadian Communists would go next.

•

The Russian motto is now: Socialism in one country, and that country just as large as possible.

•

The Finns claim the right to make a separate peace, which as they had a separate war for quite a time seems very reasonable.

•

Tyrant

Majority-rule is out-of-date;
Consideration has had its day.
Our rights and fancies inviolate
Are spoiled in a most unfeeling way.
We sit in servitude night and day,
Do I and my ever-blooming spouse,
Totalitarian victims gay,
With a bit of a baby in the house.

J. E. M.

•

In their collective bargaining for collective bargaining, the trade unions do not seem to have done too badly in Ontario.

•

There is no "moaning at the bar" because there is no bar. But there is plenty at the tables.

•

This lend-lease business is catching on everywhere. As far as we can make out, the provinces of Quebec and Ontario are now exchanging little bits of their territory on a lend-lease basis for 999 years.

•

We don't think the Senate can be abolished by just refusing to appoint new members, as a Member of Parliament suggests. It could at any time compel the Government to appoint new members, by simply vetoing every Government Bill. It might not be a bad idea to begin now.

•

Note on Current News Item

The submarine
Was pretty keen,
Until the helicopter
Stopped 'er.

•

The Republicans in Congress are said to be anxious to put Mr. Roosevelt in his place. D'you mean for a fourth time?

•

It is announced that there is not going to be a Dominion general election. The United Nations will please note that the Second Front can now proceed.

•

"Back the Attack" is not a bad slogan, but a few variations might have been added. "Punt for the Front" would have appealed to football players. Our own choice is "Cash for the Dash," with "Lend for the End" for place and "Tin for the Win" for show.

•

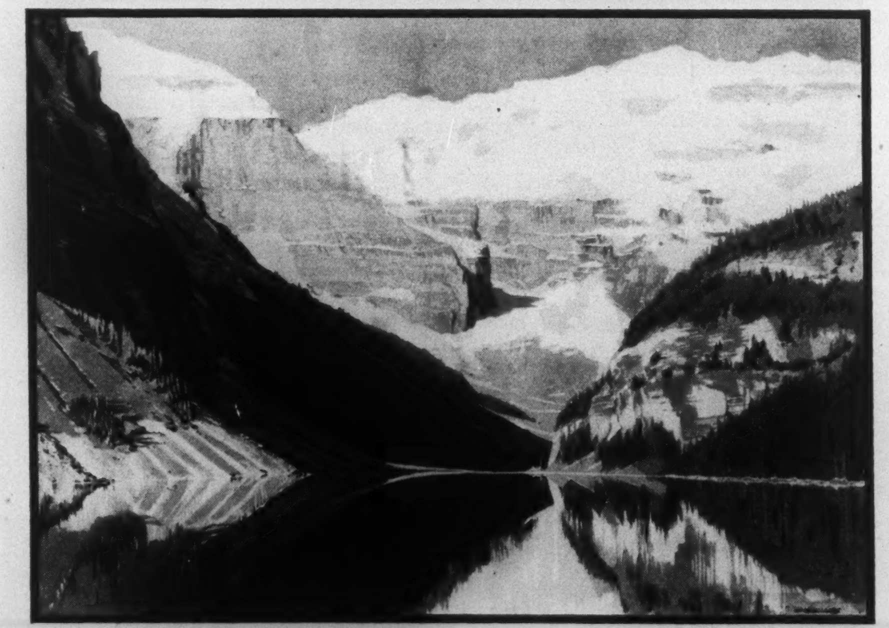
Some of Mr. Hepburn's teeth have been drawn. This is a medical, not a political, item.

•

Senator Horner says that Canada can accommodate a population of 200 million, and needs that population in order to have full prosperity. It is nice to know that we are not yet anywhere near crowded.

Bringing Canadian Art to Our Armed Forces

By R. S. Lambert



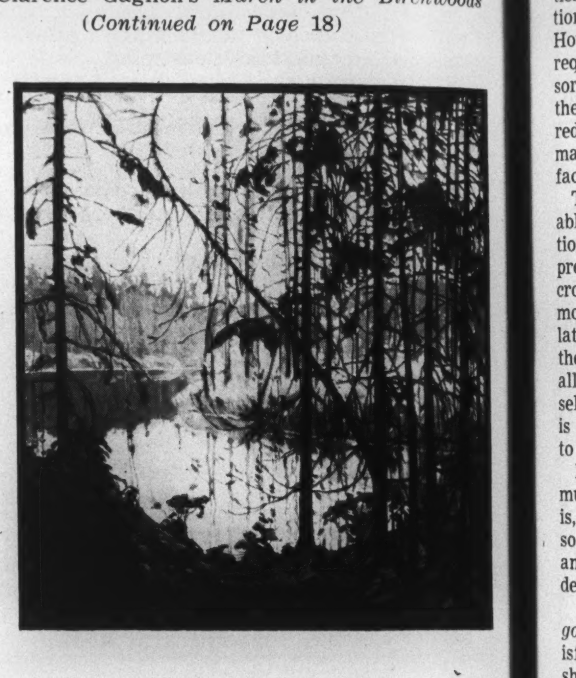
ONE of the hardships of military life for the sensitive man is being deprived of the aesthetic pleasures. In camps there is little beauty for the eye, either in or out of doors. To be sure some artists, even in uniform, manage to paint pictures, as the recent exhibition of their work has shown. But for every one who paints, there are dozens who hunger for the sight of good pictures. And it was to satisfy this hunger, as expressed in many soldiers' letters, that Dr. A. Y. Jackson recently hit upon the idea of inviting his fellow artists to paint original pictures which would be specially reproduced, and sent out in groups to the various camps, to be hung on the walls of recreation rooms and lounges.

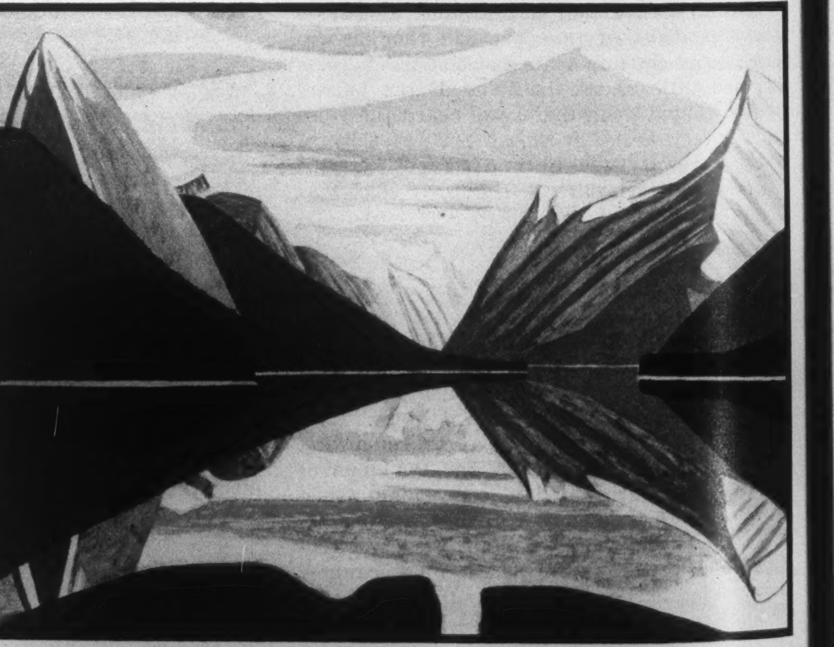
Mr. H. O. McCurry, director of the National Gallery, Ottawa, warmly welcomed this plan and, with the aid of a small selection committee, has now taken steps to put it into operation. For each picture donated and accepted by the committee, a business sponsor has been sought who undertakes to bear the cost of its reproduction. The method employed is that of printing with oil paint through a silk-screen—a process capable of giving great fidelity of reproduction. In this case, each edition of prints takes a month to produce, under the skilled craftsmanship of Messrs. Sampson-Matthews Limited. I have examined a number of the prints and compared them with their originals; and it is practically impossible to distinguish them apart—even the texture of the paint surface is closely similar; and sometimes the reproduction, by eliminating small blemishes, seems almost to improve the original. Ten, twelve, and sometimes more colors are used in order to get this absolute fidelity, each color being individually checked by A. J. Casson, R.C.A.

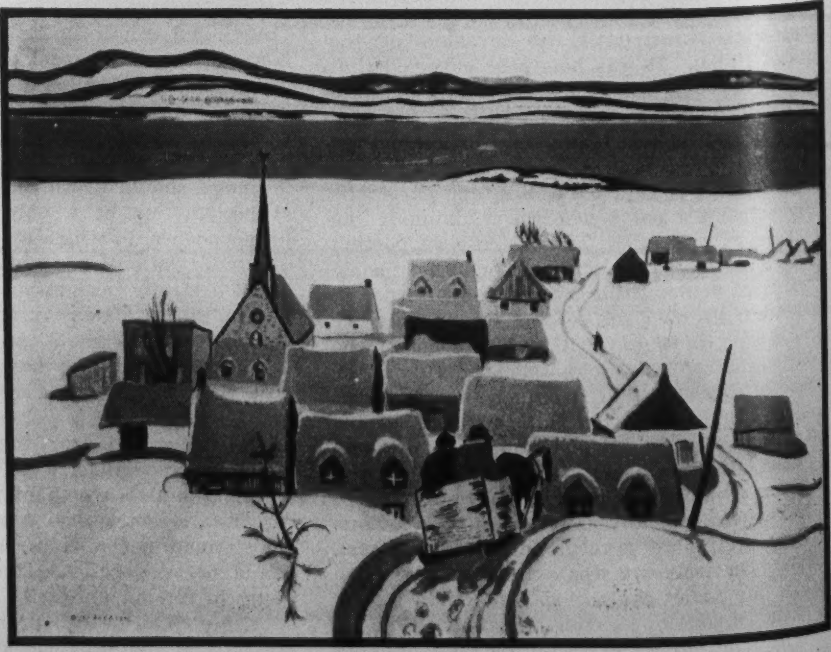
In selecting both the artists and their subjects, the committee has taken care to see that all parts of Canada were covered. The collection as a whole (predominantly landscapes) reflects different types of scenery—mountain, forest, lake, farming, etc.—seen under varying moods and weather conditions. Thus, the East is represented by *Veterans of the Sea,* a study of maritime fisherfolk by J. E. Sampson, A.R.C.A.; the far West by W. J. G. Macdonald's *B.C. Indian Village;* the North by Thoreau Macdonald's *Wild Geese;* and other districts by A. Y. Jackson's *Quebec Village; Ontario Village* by A. J. Casson, R.C.A.; and *Haliburton Village* by Leonard Brooks, A.R.C.A.

Among the other artists represented we find Charles F. Comfort, R.C.A.; B. Coghill Haworth, O.S.A.; W. J. Phillips, R.C.A.; (an entrancing view of Lake Louise); Yvonne McKague Housser, A.R.C.A.; J. S. Hallam, O.S.A.; Fred S. Haines, R.C.A.; L. A. C. Panton, A.R.C.A.; Albert H. Robinson; Lawren Harris; Bertram Brooker, O.S.A.; W. P. Weston, A.R.C.A.; Rowley Murphy, A.R.C.A.; P. H. Surrey; Anne Savage; F. Brandtner; and Frank Carmichael, R.C.A. Other prominent Canadian artists have also willingly promised to donate paintings for this series, which may well run into thirty or more subjects. In addition, several reproductions are being included from works already in public galleries, such as Tom Thomson's *Northern River* and W. J. Morrice's *Ferry at Levis* (from the National gallery of Canada); Clarence Gagnon's *March in the Birchwoods*

(*Continued on Page 18*)







LEFT, top to bottom:

Albert H. Robinson, "Return from Easter Mass"

J. E. Sampson, "Veterans of the Sea"

W. J. Phillips, "Victoria Glacier"

W. P. Weston, "The Lions, Vancouver"

Top to bottom, RIGHT:

Tom Thomson, "Northern River"

Lawren Harris, "Maligne Lake"

A. Y. Jackson, "Quebec Village"

All these pictures are photographed from the prints which are being distributed among the military, naval and air establishments of Canada, with the help of business firms and the generous cooperation of the artists, through the agency of the National Gallery of Canada.

But "Temporary" Housing Should Be Temporary!

BY DR. E. G. FALUDI

The trouble with our "temporary" housing, says Dr. Faludi, a European housing and town planning expert now living in Toronto, is that it is not temporary enough. It tries to look permanent, and it is supposed to be permanent to the extent that it can be moved to another location when its "temporary" use in its first location is over.

A real temporary house should look temporary, and should be planned with the recognition that its destiny is to be scrapped when the temporary need is over. Only then can you build it swiftly and cheaply, make it comfortable, and yet be sure it will never become a slum.

THERE is no longer place for academic discussion about whether a serious housing shortage exists in nearly every Canadian town or city where war industries are located.

There is no longer time for accusation of past social conditions, institutions or organizations.

Dominion and municipal authorities are facing the most crucial situation in the housing history of Canada. Housing is urgently needed, yet the required materials are largely absorbed for military structures, and the production of new materials is reduced to a minimum by lack of manpower, transportation and other facilities required for the war effort.

The two most immediately available remedies are controlled distribution of available housing space, and prevention of population shifts into crowded areas by restricting the movement of persons not directly related to war production. Only when these measures cannot alone meet all the requirements, or in themselves lead to serious overcrowding, is it justifiable, in present conditions, to resort to actual building.

But when it is clear that building must be resorted to, the question now is, what to build and how to build, so as to use as little as possible of any material or labor that could be devoted to the war.

It is obvious that we cannot build *good* houses, houses which will satisfy all the requirements which we should want to satisfy in normal conditions. Nor can we provide our new houses with the usual public services without great and increasing difficulty.

Therefore we must build *temporary* houses—temporary as to location, as to purpose, as to design, with temporary occupants and temporary organization,—temporary, finally, as to exterior appearance, materials, and building methods.

Principle Not Followed

The purpose of this article is to point out that this principle has not yet been followed in any of our so-called temporary housing projects, and must be followed if we are not going to waste money now and build up slums for the future. The principles followed by the government in providing temporary houses for workers in war industries have been the following:

(1) Speed in production, to satisfy urgent and immediate needs.

(2) Because most of the war industries will cease after the war, and their workers will either move to peace production factories located elsewhere or return to their original homes, the temporary houses built now shall be demobilized and moved and reassembled where they will be needed after the war.

How did the government principles work in the practical field in the previous years of the war?

A government agency was formed, under the Ministry of Supply and Munitions, to plan, design, build, rent, and operate houses for tenants selected exclusively from war factory workers. The rents were adjusted to the workers' incomes. And so began the first real public housing organization in Canada in an embryonic stage.

To satisfy the main requirement, i.e., to build houses with great speed, the government agency chose a building method that allowed great speed in production, and that not only can compete with the traditional building methods, but from the point of view of flexibility is much superior. The sections or parts of the dismountable houses are prepared in mills, factories, or very often in improvised shops on the building sites, by builders or contractors, and assembled in a few hours on their definite locations. Houses built with the same method are very often called wrongly "semi-prefabricated houses", and are also used on a great scale in the United States and in Britain.

While the advantages in production speed are indisputable, the production cost of these houses is very often higher than that of the traditional type. There are many explanations and excuses to justify this high cost. But the main reason is that the government agency did not find an organized building industry able to undertake the production of many thousand houses under the required conditions in a very limited time, and therefore it had to accept prices dictated by improvised manufacturing organizations who, with a chain of subcontractors, were able to supply the houses for munition factory workers at the time the factories were ready to work.

Should Revise Aims

The houses built for the government agency are not jerry-built houses. They are comfortable, durable, and sound. They are really temporary with regard, not to durability, but only to location. Their design, dimensions, room organization, and exterior appearance differ very little from the usual type of houses that the lower income class occupied all over Canada in peace time.

Today, with the scarcity of materials and manpower, the government would be well advised to revise completely its aims, programs, and methods of supplying shelter for the war workers or for any other income groups that are suffering because of the housing shortage.

The following questions should be considered:

(1) The speed factor. Are there other building methods that will allow even greater speed in production, with less material and production cost than the present methods?

(2) Is it still necessary to build dismountable houses, intended to be demobilized and reassembled in other locations after the war?

These two questions are intertwined. The truth is that the temporary houses built for temporary purposes will *not* be demobilized and moved after the war to other locations, because they will be needed where they are now even if they are called temporary houses and even if some of the war factories have closed down. And they will stay there for many years, because the accumulated housing shortage is so great that for many years after the war, to supply new houses for new needs will be difficult, to say nothing of replacements of decayed houses or temporary houses. Also, if these temporary houses were demobilized and moved to permanent locations, the tenants would have to live somewhere while they were being moved,—perhaps in other temporary houses that would have to be provided at that time.

The whole business of transportation and the new use of these temporary houses is a very expensive and difficult process.

Why? Because after several years of use there will be very little left to save and to move. The main costs of a house are not represented by the four walls, roof, and floor, that form the structure, but by the equipments and finishing.

In a small house the structure is only 23% of the total cost, and only this can be saved by moving after some years of use. That means a loss of 67% of the investment the moment the government shall try to move the houses. Then there will be new investments required, such as for demobilization, transport, reassembling, new equipments, new furnishings. All these expenses only to save 23% of the total investment!

And what will be gained at the end of this moving process? An out-of-date house, most probably for completely different conditions, which people will accept very unwillingly as soon as it becomes possible to get better value.

And what will happen if the temporary houses are left where they now stand? They will very soon become slums, not because they are badly built, but because they are built in environments where they have to become slums, lacking the necessary social planning and organization.

Enormous Waste

Only one conclusion can be drawn from all this: that it is an enormous waste in money, in materials, working hours, and man power to build "temporary" houses that will outlast their initial purpose.

The question is now if it is not possible to produce real temporary houses with the same comfort and durability, but with less material and lower cost and with greater speed, than the houses the government agency has built and is building.

It is not necessary to build a temporary house that looks like a permanent house and therefore misleads the people in judging its function, purpose, and value. Any petty grocery store owner can tell us what usually happens, when the package of the goods misleads the customer concerning its contents. It is a psychological point, but it is as important as the physical.

The same misleading method was followed twenty years ago in Europe, and has been and is still being practised in the United States, but on a much larger scale. This method was revised in Europe, and some months ago the United States began to follow suit in their housing program, which is much greater than Canada's, by starting construction of a type of temporary house similar to that built in Europe under similar conditions.

An American Type

One of the types of temporary shelter that the United States is beginning to build now was designed by the Housing Research Station of Purdue University. It is a temporary shelter that, while it admits itself not to be permanent because of its shape and exterior appearance, yet offers all the comforts and modern conveniences of a permanent house. Only 10% of the amount of critical materials allowed is used in it. A 24 by 28 foot single family detached shelter, fully insulated, with the necessary heating and plumbing equipments and finishing, is produced for a cost of $1200 to $1500, depending on the quantities to be built at the same time and on the same location.

Similar attempts were made in Europe after the Great War and for emergency housing in countries where there were great catastrophes such as earthquakes or floods.

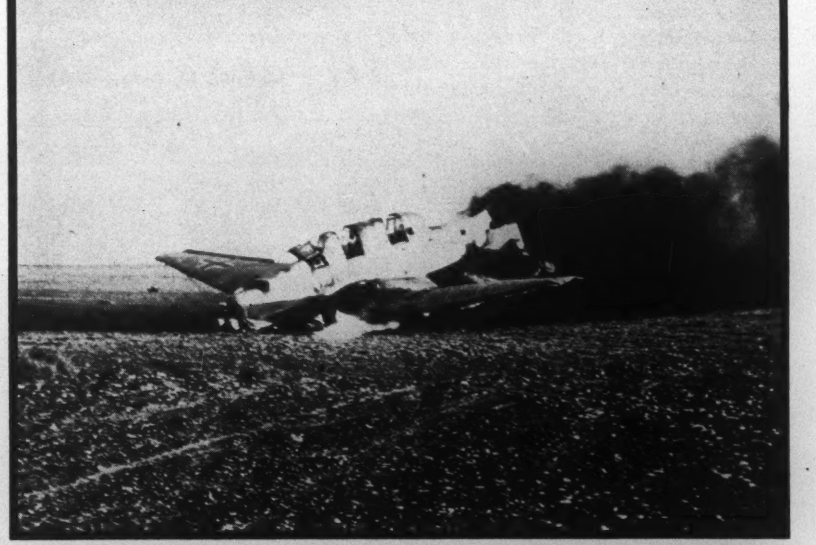
These types of temporary houses serve their purposes for the time they are needed. They cannot create slum areas because the people will leave them before they could become slums. Once people realize that they are emergency houses, they are psychologically prepared to leave them at the first opportunity to settle elsewhere in a permanent way. And if the government wishes to demobilize or move such houses, there will be no difficulty about saving their *structure* in the same way as it is done with the type that is in use now.

The reaction against any attempt at permanent housing is justified if the present temporary housing is judged a sample of what it would produce. It is true that the authorities consider the present housing temporary. But because external appearance and methods of planning and placing them on the building sites give an impression of permanence, most people believe they will remain there after the war, even against the will of the public authorities.

The true policy for today is to build emergency houses with an emergency character, that cannot become liabilities and slum areas. There are enough slums already, and to abolish them will be a great and difficult task in the post-war era.

With the same elasticity and ingenuity that have made Canada one of the best industrialized countries and that have made her war production exemplary, Canada can solve easily and satisfactorily and in short time the question of emergency housing.

In Tunisia, "General Grant" tanks of the British 22nd. Armored Brigade move past wreckage of a smashed transport. When early this week Axis General Rommel took it on the run again and fled in full retreat from the fallen Mareth Line, he gambled that General Montgomery would never attempt to take his armored forces across the sandy, dust-blown Sahara in the final phase of brilliant manoeuvres now seen to have placed the "Fox of the Desert" in his most desperate position of the entire campaign. That the commander of Britain's famous 8th Army took the gamble is but further proof of his intrepid generalship, that he succeeded so well is evidence once again of the superiority of the force he leads.



End of a Stuka: shot down during the furious fighting which marked the fall of the Mareth Line in Southern Tunisia, this instrument of German dive-bombing tactics lies in flames on one of the enemy's own flying fields. It will be one less of its kind to attack, in defiance of all recognized rules of humane warfare, Red Cross vehicles such as the one below, riddled with machine gun bullets when shot up by an Axis plane somewhere in North Africa. As shown, the Red Cross is plainly marked.

How North Americans Should Look at Europe

BY H. NOEL FIELDHOUSE

To North Americans, European countries tend to look either pure black or pure white, but they are really many intermediate shades. To apply the blanket epithet "Fascist" to all regimes from Mussolini to Salazar is confusing counsel.

Numerous countries which to us look to have been unduly friendly to Germany in recent years have much excuse for their attitude and will be only too glad to depart from it when they can.

Professor Fieldhouse, who occupies the chair of History in the University of Manitoba, has several times contributed to this journal, and is an Oxford graduate and a World War veteran.

IT IS perhaps inevitable that when North Americans look at Europe, they should see it in black and white and with no fine shades. It is perhaps inevitable but it is none the less dangerous; for it ends by driving people to combine against us, when with more knowledge and a little tact, half of them at least could be kept at our side.

Suppose a European who, seeing that the Aberhart movement in Alberta and the Duplessis movement in Quebec were both opposed to the Dominion Government, should jump to the conclusion that the two movements were one and that they should therefore be handled in the same way. We should find such a conclusion ludicrous, but it would have been no more ludicrous than the attitude which is actually taken by the Left-Wingers of North America towards Europe. They begin by applying the single epithet "Fascist" to any nation which, *for whatever reason,* has found that a system of government borrowed from England is ill-adapted to its own temper and circumstances, and they go on to assume that any such nation is naturally pro-German.

The truth is, of course, that the régimes, for example, of Sr. Salazar in Portugal, of General Franco in Spain, and even of Mussolini in Italy, are so different from that of Hitler in Germany, have come out of such different national backgrounds, and have been moulded by such different national tempers, that the difference of degree becomes practically a difference in kind, and when we apply the blanket epithet "Fascist" to all of them, we are simply confusing counsel. A man who should wilfully say that Italian Fascism and German Nazism are the same thing because both are departures from English parliamentary government, would be capable of saying that a slight cold and scarlet fever are the same thing because both are departures from complete health.

Order, Liberty

Some of us tried to sound this warning before the war; to point out that the Mediterranean Fascist regimes did not represent the threat which Nazism did, either in the world of ideas or in the world of power. Western Christendom has always held two principles in balance, the principle of order and the principle of liberty; and the only difference between ourselves and the Mediterranean regimes is that our good fortune for the last two hundred years has enabled us, for some time now, to emphasize the second of these principles, while the recent experience of the Mediterranean countries is obliging them, for the moment, to stress the first. Nazism, on the other hand, is a plain denial of every principle on which the Western world has rested for nineteen centuries, and compared with that yawning gulf, the differences which separate the Western regimes which emphasize liberty and those which emphasize order are the merest bagatelles.

Until very recently, however, we could get no hearing. All "Fascist" countries were lumped together, and from 1935 to 1939 the only way to acquire a reputation as a "democrat" in foreign affairs was to give an exhibition of internatonal bad manners by abusing any country whose government was not modelled on Westminster. Any country, that is, except Russia.

The result was what might have been expected. If there is any considerable body of pro-Germans in the Mediterranean countries, it is not because of their ideologies but because of the lack of knowledge and sympathy with which we handled those countries before 1939. Abuse a man long enough, and he is apt to come to regard your enemies as his friends. Withhold all understanding, and he is apt to turn to where understanding (interested understanding, it is true) is not lacking. Call a man pro-German long enough, and you drive him to become pro-German in fact.

U.S. Attitude

The recent signs that the American Government is alive to this fact—the way in which Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hull continue to speak of German "assassins" and Japanese "brigands" but have suddenly ceased abuse of the Italians—is something, therefore, for which to be profoundly grateful; but a note of warning is needed for ourselves. Behind the moral overtones with which American opinion loves to invest foreign affairs, the State Department has for the last forty years practised a *réal politique* which has been second to none in its shrewd and careful stewardship of purely American interests, just as, behind the screen of international Communism, the Russian Government pursues a policy shrewdly and realistically Russian; and the great danger of the moment is that while American and Russian policies show every sign of being intelligently guided by concern for American and Russian interests respectively, British policy will be befuddled by the sweeping ideological likes and dislikes to which Mr. Anders gives voice in recent issues of SATURDAY NIGHT.

If the attitude of Russia in 1939 was justified, as Mr. Anders says, by British appeasement and American isolationism, so was the attitude of France. The root explanation of what has happened in France since 1939 is that we expected France to do too much. In the conflict of 1914-18, so far as the land campaign in the West was concerned, the French Army bore the brunt of the war almost alone until 1916, while we, and still later, the Americans, slowly mobilized our military power; and in proportion to population, the French dead were as 8 to 1 of the Empire and as 30 to 1 of the Americans.

The Peace Treaties which followed were framed chiefly by the Anglo-Saxon Powers, but hardly had they been signed when Britain (in part) and the U.S.A. (entirely) turned their backs on the Continent and left to France the crushing responsibility of *maintaining* the settlement.

France Pleaded With Us

From 1919 to 1933, France pleaded with us to see that our belief that Germany was repentant was an illusion, and that so soon as she had recovered her nerve she would strike again; and all over the English-speaking world, this French suspicion of Germany was called "vindictive" and "reactionary", and the desire of France to keep her arms, against the day of German revenge, was pilloried as blocking the way to a Utopia of universal disarmament.

Then after 1933, all those groups in the Commonwealth and the United States which had been the special homes of "pity-poor-Germany" and disarmament sentiment, swung round and began to call for someone to "stop the dictator". Unfortunately, the French saw clearly what this meant. They knew that the British Army and Air Force had been cut to the bone; they knew that the U.S.A. was enwrapped in isolation; and they knew, therefore, that the "stopping" would once more have to be done in *the first instance* by France; and some of us who knew France in those years were trying to warn our people, from 1930 onwards, that if we again tried to throw this disproportionate burden upon the French they would refuse to carry it.

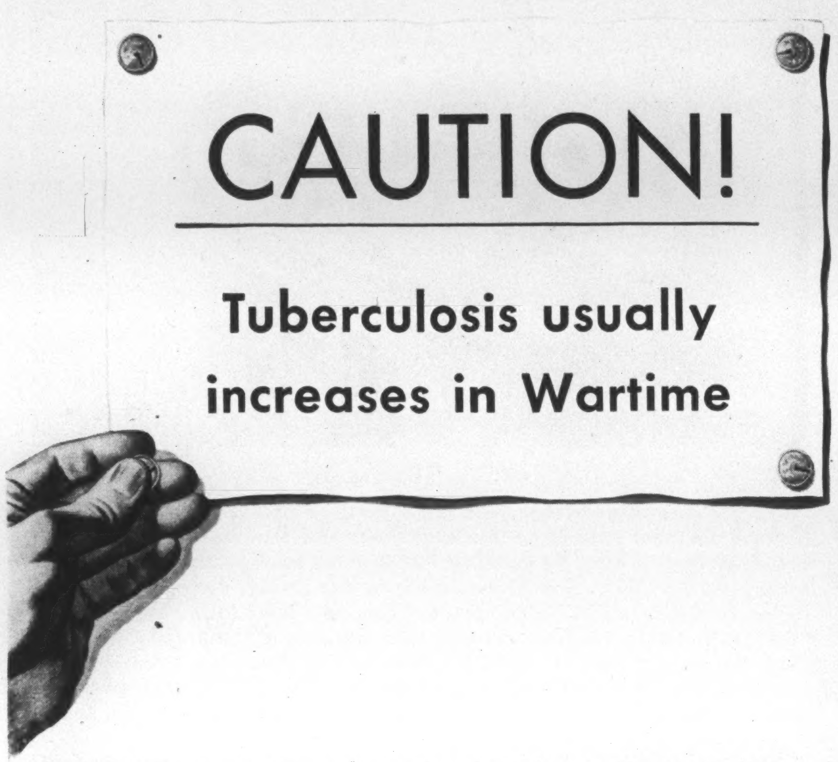
Unless we realize that the single dominant feeling in almost all European minds in 1940 was this bitter resentment against those forces in Britain, and still more in North America, which for years had called for disarmament but which now clamored for a war in which the heaviest price would be paid by the exposed peoples of the Continent, we shall go wrong again both in the war and in the peace. That there were small minorities in France who, in 1940, were ready to collaborate with the German victor for a variety of freakish reasons is true, but the thing which enabled them, for the moment, to carry the nation with them, was the fact that France was caught in a mood of sullen abdication brought on by the bitter knowledge that for twenty years she had been misrepresented and vilified by those who now expected her to stand first in the breach.

The Fact Before France

It is by no means so certain, therefore, as Mr. Anders suggests, that an impassable gulf of ideals separates us from all Europeans save those who fled to continue the struggle abroad. The plain fact with which French patriots had to reckon in 1940 was that there was not the slightest hope of Anglo-American help in sufficient strength or *in time* to save a France which was outnumbered four to one. Now that Britain is re-armed and the United States awake, the attitude of such patriots may well be different. As one French spokesman put it, in replying to a lecture from the American President in May 1941 (i.e. seven months before the U.S. declared war):—"If we could see any hope of armed American help in Europe, our policy might be different. So long as we receive nothing but sermons and exhortations, we must reckon with the ugly reality at our door."

It is high time that we admitted, indeed, that most of those whom, from the luxury of our safety behind the oceans, it has pleased us to call Quislings, never were pro-Germans. They were men who had to reckon with the *immediacy* of German power and who knew there could be no help forthcoming from us; men who had concluded from the experience of 1919-39 that small neighbors of Germany could not afford to defy her, since when the day came, the German Army would prove to be a terrible reality, while the British Army would be small and the American as yet to seek. To refuse the help of such men, now that we have learned our lesson, would be to repeat the very blunder which originally drove them towards Germany's arms.

No military objective here, but civilians feel the force of Japanese air war just the same, as witness this street scene in Chunking, "the world's most bombed city". A Chinese army officer and an ARP worker help a peasant woman to a first aid post following a raid. Attacks on the Chinese capital have lately been more frequent than usual, reports say.



DOCTORS KNOW that tuberculosis usually increases in time of prolonged warfare. Such increases occurred during the last war, and have already been reported in some of the nations now at war.

Thus forewarned, the people of our country can forearm themselves with the facts about tuberculosis, to help avoid this dangerous disease.

Discovered *early*, tuberculosis is not often hard to cure. Unfortunately, early tuberculosis seldom advertises itself. Weeks or months may pass before even such vague signs appear as "touches of indigestion," a tired out feeling without good cause, or a steady loss of weight.

By the time more definite symptoms appear—a cough that hangs on, persistent pains in the chest, or blood-streaked sputum—severe damage may have been done. Curing the disease will then take longer and be more difficult.

Furthermore, during this period of development an infected person may have spread the germs among his family, his friends and his fellow workers. For tuberculosis is a germ disease and it may be "caught." Often the germs picked up in childhood lie quiet for years, only to become active at some time when bodily resistance has been lowered through sickness, undernourishment, or unusual physical strain. Wartime demands upon our energy make it doubly important to guard against such conditions.

How to be forearmed

If you have the slightest suspicion that a member of your family has tuberculosis, or if any member has been in contact with someone who has active tuberculosis, have him see the doctor at once. By means of a thorough physical examination, including the use of the X-ray, the doctor usually can determine whether the disease is present. His advice regarding treatment or subsequent "check ups" should be followed to the letter.

The modern treatment of tuberculosis makes use of rest—complete rest for 24 hours a day. This gives the infected lung a chance to heal. The natural resistance of the body is built up by a well-balanced diet of nourishing food. While it may not be necessary to "go away" to be cured, the doctor sometimes advises a stay in a sanatorium. The latter assures scientific treatment, educates the patient in self-care, and protects members of the family from possible infection.

In both peacetime and wartime, the best preventive measure against tuberculosis is to *keep physically fit.* Sufficient sleep, rest and exercise, and a well-balanced diet build up the body's resistance to most kinds of disease.

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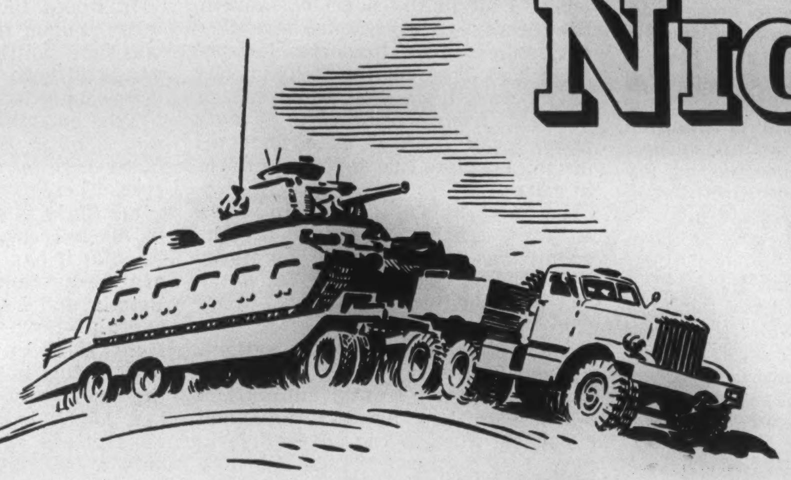

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CARRYING A 45-TON TANK ON ITS BACK, this great transport lurches over shell-pocked roads. Think of the terrific strain on its axles. Think of the strain on the gears of the truck which drags it. These and other highly stressed parts are made of tough, strong Nickel Steel.

The great mines, smelters and refineries of the Canadian Nickel industry which were built up in time of peace were ready to serve an Empire at war. When peace comes again, they will be ready to play a greater part than ever in the industrial life of the future, for Nickel alloys, strong, tough, hard, corrosion-resistant, will serve in countless ways in the World of Tomorrow.

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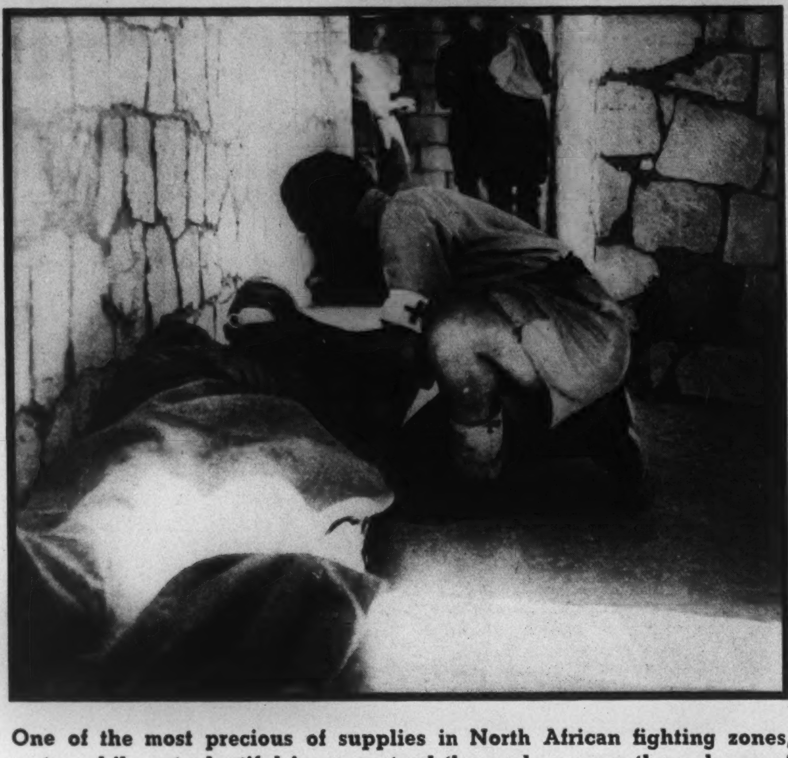
CANADA OVERSEAS

Britain Is Not Playing Politics



One of the most precious of supplies in North African fighting zones, water while not plentiful is guaranteed the modern army through use of highly developed means of transport, storage and purification. Above: quenching a wounded man's thirst in an advanced, underground aid post.

BY L. S. B. SHAPIRO

THIS letter is by way of reply and explanation and soliloquy. It is addressed particularly to those readers of long standing who have written to ask why there has been a change of style in these despatches since my arrival in Britain. Some recall my articles from Washington and New York, and they are curious to know what has become of my tongue-in-cheek attitude toward men and policies and events.

Others deplore my lack of criticism of anything British. "Is everything in Britain as right as morale?" a reader inquires. "Can't you find anything to criticize in military and domestic fields? In foreign policy? Aren't some British politicians just as ludicrous as those American politicians you used to toss on the griddle with such flair? Or have you assumed a colonial inferiority under the shadow of Whitehall?"

I would, with inexcusable triteness, remind my correspondent that there is a war on. And the war is all around here. Seventy miles from where I sit in the heart of London, the deadly enemy flourishes. Seventy miles. Less than the distance from New York to Philadelphia. Not as far as Ottawa from Montreal, or Victoria from Vancouver. Seventy miles away freedom is a distorted dream, hostages are shot, men cower in cellars.

Seventy miles. The man from America can hardly believe it. The enemy has been so close for three years—so close, so powerful, so vicious in his threats. And yet there is no frown on the face of Britain. Anxiety does not temper the nation's humor. There is none of the forced discipline, the frantic militarism which might be expected in an island sitting so close to the edge of darkness. Life goes on. No sentries challenge you at every doorstep. People go to movies and to restaurants. They dance. They walk home through blacked out streets in perfect safety. The greatest battles in all history are about to be fought within earshot of this island but there is no desperate excitement. Only ordered preparation in an atmosphere of buoyant freedom.

The man from America looks upon all this. He forgets. And then suddenly realizes. Seventy miles. It is hardly believable. Surely this is a very great people. How can one be flippant? What is there to write with tongue in cheek?

AND the politicians, Britain has them—and a sprinkling of them, I dare say, are as silly as any we have in Canada and the United States. But they are temporarily inactive. Right now the game of politics is not played in Britain. The measure of the nation may be found in its unity under fire. I have said it before. Britain is a restless nation; always has been. But never more restless than British. The man who would play politics while the war is desperate writes finis to his public career. The people would not countenance it a moment.

Only a politically adult people can make known its will with such authority that politicians fear it. Only a people supremely confident of its freedom can afford to drop politics indefinitely in a party system of government.

Take the Beveridge debate, for instance. Here was a test of the political truce. Feelings ran high. Many Labor members felt this was the opportunity to turn the screws on the government; this was the time to assure that the next general election would result in a Labor victory. But Morrison, Attlee, Bevin, Cripps—they did not budge. The national government must go on. The war effort, they felt, demanded the truce be maintained. And the crisis passed. No one made a grab for political power though the opportunity beckoned.

It would ill befit a Canadian to write tongue in cheek about British war-time politics and politicians. It would ill befit a former Washington correspondent.

True enough, there is much that is not right in Britain. This is recognized here no less than across the seas. There are squalor and economic injustice in this island; and tradition so deeply rooted in the past centuries that it has become licence. There are many things that are wrong in Britain and I would deplore these—eagerly!—were it not that Britain fights a total war in a total way. All that is fine in Britain has rallied to the cause; and all that is sordid also has joined in the fight. There are no factions at this time. There is only a common enemy. Who would speak lightly of this attitude?

TAKE the apple-cheeked youngster, probably straight out of Eton, who is almost automatically a Guards officer. His frigid smugness does not go down well with the North American. When he walks, cane swinging, beside a platoon of raw-boned warriors, he looks ludicrous. He is privilege personified. But he fights well. He has immense courage when the going is toughest. Hundreds like him have died with great gallantry in this war. He may be a subject for a comic essay in peace time. But not now.

Take the English businessman—the one who wears a bowler, carries an umbrella and affects a detached look. He would make a grand subject for a lightly humorous essay on how Britain has rolled up its sleeves and gone to work. He would—until you discover he won the George Medal for bravery under the blitz.

All that is good in Britain—and bad; wealth and poverty, privilege and squalor, cockney and country scion—everything and everybody have been thrown into the common pool for victory. England imperfect?—yes. But this is her finest hour. Fine enough to warm the heart and chill the humor in the most democratic of essayists.

And so, if readers discern a lack of critical matter in these despatches let them attribute it to the honest reactions of a North American living in a nation at war—fully at war—for the first time. Coming away from a continent where political opportunism still flourishes; where, by the grace of God and geography, people still cling to the niceties of normal living, the reporter is awed and impressed by the ability of this island nation to work hard, live cheerfully and to anticipate without flinching the mighty test which looms beyond the Channel mists.

Britain has faults. But with my world at stake, I could not ask for a more gallant nation at arms to man the forward fortress.

At a desert water storage depot. It is in huge canvas bags like this that water reaches North Africa troops. Allotment: 1 gal. per man daily.

If Canadian industry hopes to claim its rightful share of world markets in the competitive, post-war world of to-morrow, Canadian industrialists must begin to *plan* for that world *now*. And the first essential for efficient production is, and always will be, an adequate supply of *trained men*.

Where is *your industry* going to get those men? Some of your employees may be training themselves right now through International Correspondence Schools Home Study Courses. But this supply will not fill the demand. Many far-sighted employers are making their promising young workers more valuable by encouraging and assisting them to greater usefulness under I.C.S. Cooperative Employee Training Plans.

Under these plans, in more than 2,800 industrial establishments in Canada and the United States, student employees pay for their own training, while shopwork and home study are directly related to the present and future requirements of the industry.

Personnel managers, plant superintendents and industrial executives are invited to write for the I.C.S. Manual of Vocational Training and Guidance available without charge or obligation.

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INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS CANADIAN, LIMITED

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Critical Materials and Manpower must be diverted from civilian channels to urgent war needs. Therefore, Crane advertising during 1942 and 1943 has been and is designed to:

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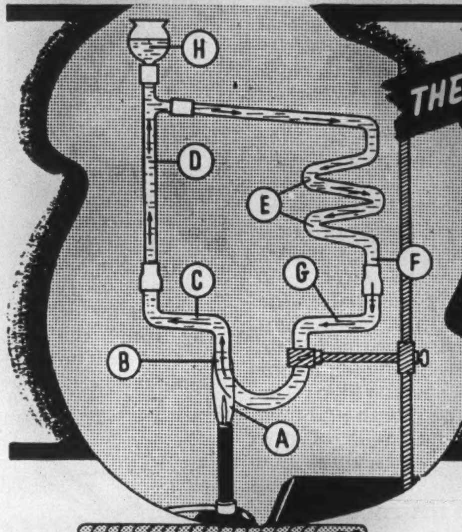
- Make home owners and householders aware of the necessity for conservation of their existing equipment, through careful operation and maintenance. . .
- Show home owners and householders how their systems function so that they can better apply the recommendations for operation and care . . .
- Urge the public to have minor repairs made before major replacements become necessary, and for this work to use only qualified Plumbing and Heating Contractors.

This advertisement is not intended to promote the sale of Plumbing and Heating Equipment

GRAVITY FLOW HOT WATER HEATING

#3 OF A SERIES



THE SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLE

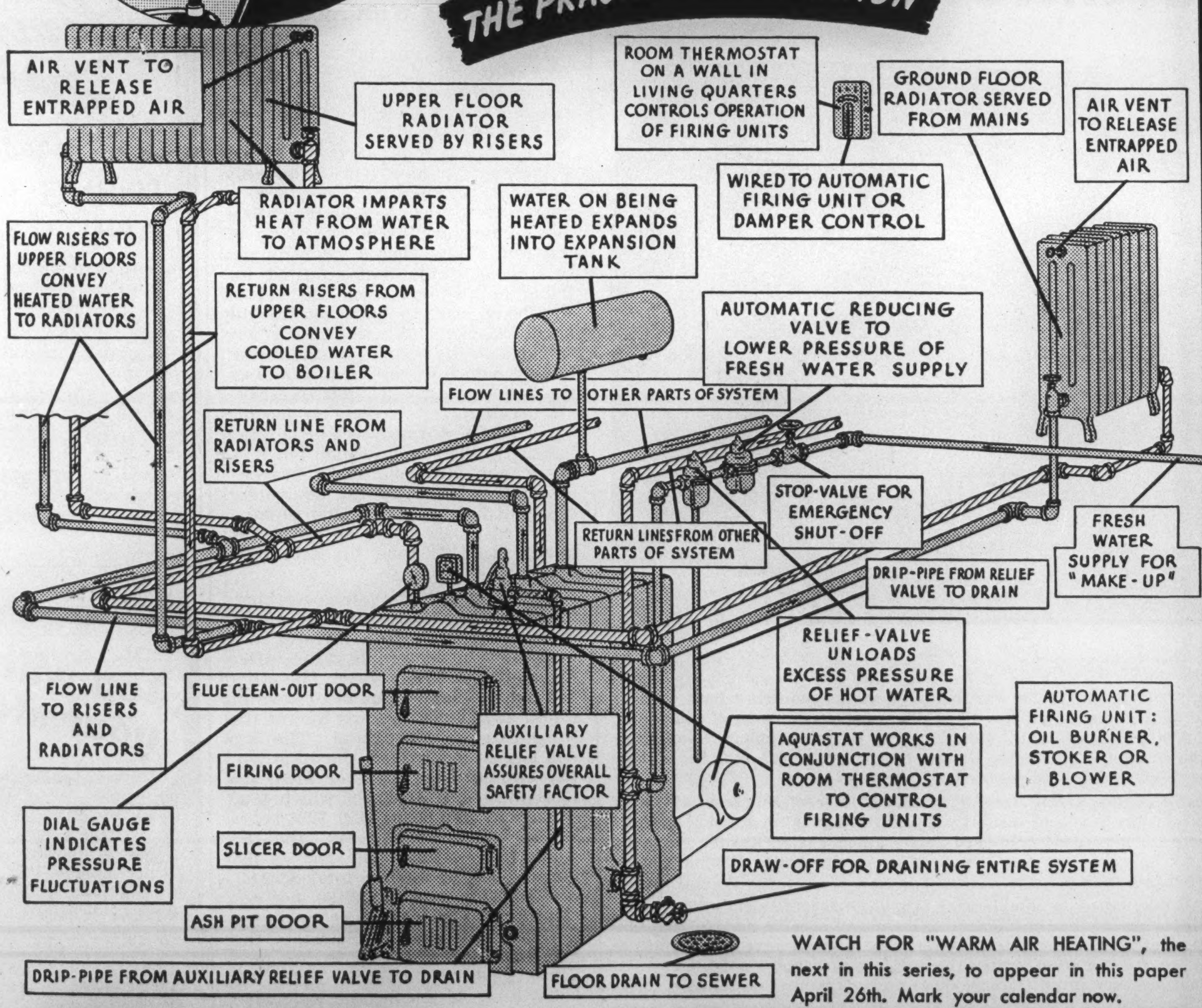
As this typical laboratory glass-tube model demonstrates, the principle of hot water heating is based upon the phenomenon of the expansion and contraction of fluids under different conditions of temperature. Thus:

Heat generated at "burner" (A) applied to the water in "boiler" element (B) causes the water to expand as the temperature rises. Co-incident with expansion, it becomes lighter in weight, whereupon the colder, heavier water in the return lines (F) and (G) seeks to enter the boiler and thus displaces the heated water which rises to a higher level in the system, travelling accordingly through "flow main" (C) and up through "flow riser" (D). When the water enters the "radiator" (E), some of its heat is transmitted through the walls of the zig-zag tubing and thence to the surrounding atmosphere. By this process, the water is cooled and contracts once more, becoming heavier as the temperature drops. Thereupon it sinks to the bottom outlet and enters the "return riser" (F) and the "return main" (G), and on to the lowest point of the boiler element where the cycle is repeated with the application of more heat.

As the water expands due to heating, accommodation of the increased volume is provided by the "expansion tank" (thistle bulb H).

(This illustration applies to an "open" gravity system fitted with open expansion tank. The practical application below conforms to the same principle, but indicates a "closed" system with automatic water supply and closed "air cushioned" expansion tank.)

THE PRACTICAL APPLICATION

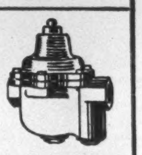


WATCH FOR "WARM AIR HEATING", the next in this series, to appear in this paper April 26th. Mark your calendar now.

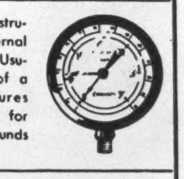
DID YOU GET THIS BOOKLET? Here in convenient bound form are all the "PLUMBING AND HEATING POINTERS" published by Crane last year. Even though you clipped some or all of these practical pointers, you will find constant use of the 48-page booklet, which contains considerable supplementary material. In it you will find answers to many of the questions the average householder asks about the operation and maintenance of his plumbing and heating systems. Apply to Crane Head Office.

Conservation is most essential today. It is important that you know how your equipment works so that you can best operate and care for it. That is the reason for this advertisement. When adjustments or repairs are necessary, avoid "handy-men"... always confer with your Plumbing and Heating Contractor. He is qualified by experience and training to help you get the most out of your present equipment.

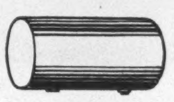
The purpose of this column in each advertisement in this series, is to provide a glossary of correct equipment terms and brief descriptions of the functions of various fixtures and accessories related to different systems.



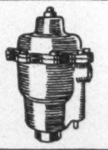
PRESSURE REDUCING VALVE—A mechanism for automatically reducing initial high pressure in a supply line to a uniform lower service pressure required in a system.



PRESSURE GAUGE—An instrument for indicating the internal pressure within a system. Usually this takes the form of a "hand" pointing to figures around a dial, showing, for instance, the pressure in pounds per square inch.

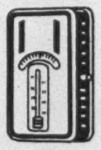


CLOSED EXPANSION TANK—An air-tight tank provided to accommodate the increased volume of water in the system due to heating. Being compressible, the air in the tank permits this water to pass in and out according to fluctuations in water temperature.



RELIEF VALVE—A safety device which automatically relieves pressure in a system to safeguard equipment against excessive pressure.

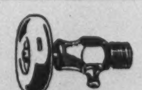
AUXILIARY RELIEF VALVE—An overall safety unit of large capacity provided to unload a system when the maximum safe pressure limits have been exceeded; a final precaution against failure of other controls or safety devices in the system.



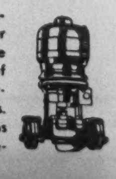
THERMOSTAT (Thermo from the Greek thermē: heat)—A device actuated by the temperature of surrounding air and designed to control the maximum and minimum temperature of an area through mechanical or electrical means of governing damper, firing units, or other controls.

AQUASTAT ("Aqua" from the Latin for Water)—An apparatus actuated by the temperature of water and designed to control the maximum and minimum temperature of the water to be heated, by governing the operation of heating units or dampers.

RADIATOR—A piece of equipment designed to perform the exchange of heat from a heating medium such as water or steam to the surrounding air. It does this in two ways: (1) heat by radiation, like heat from the sun; (2) heat by conduction, like putting one's hand on a hot stove.



RADIATOR AIR VENT—A small hand operated valve for discharging air from radiators, to assure their being completely filled to the top with water.



CIRCULATING PUMP OR CIRCULATOR—An electric or other power driven pump intended to move the water in a system at higher rates of speed (greater velocity) than normally attained in gravity systems. They are incorporated in systems designed for their use and for special applications.

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THE EDITOR'S CHAIR

Wrong Bonus and Right Bonus

BY B. K. SANDWELL

I HAVE another suggestion for Mr. Ilsley, not this time relating to his bond issues, but to his income tax. I do not know whether he realizes it, but he is bonusing persons who own their own homes, as against persons who dwell in rented premises, to an extent that is almost unbelievable until you come to figure it out. I have pointed this fact out before, but did not dwell on it very earnestly so long as the extent of the bonus remained moderate; but it has now become so immoderate, and the national exchequer's need for money is so great, that I think I am justified in reminding Mr. Ilsley that here is a place where he could quite legitimately get some more. At the same time I propose to remind him that there is another place where he could, with great advantage to the future of the nation, take a little less.

The benefits resulting from the occupation of premises which the taxpayer himself owns are not imputed to him as income. It has always been my contention that as a matter of pure equity they ought to be, though I admit that the valuation would in many cases be difficult.

As a result of this arrangement, the man who owns a house worth ten thousand dollars can take his income from that piece of capital in the form of occupation of the house, and will then pay no income tax upon it. The value of that income may be placed pretty accurately at about $500, after depreciation and local taxes and repairs. Another man with precisely the same wages or salary, and the same capital but invested in Mr. Ilsley's own bonds instead of a house, will receive from the bonds a cash income of $300 on which he will pay income tax. This income, which is additional to the income received by the other man who owns his house, will be taxable at the highest rate applicable to the last instalment of his income, which if he is already getting $4,160 before this addition, will be 45 per cent of graduated tax plus 7 per cent of normal tax, or 52 per cent altogether. In other words he will get in net cash $144 while the other man in exactly the same circumstances, except that he put his $10,000 into a house instead of into Mr. Ilsley's bonds, is getting $500 worth of housing without a cent of deduction.

Since the non-house-owner obviously must live in something, and since $500 is a very modest rental for a man with an income of more than four thousand dollars, it follows that he will be paying at least $500 rent for that which the house-owner gets for nothing, and receiving only $144 towards that expenditure, a net loss of $356. If he had invested his $10,000 in a slightly more adventurous form, say a good industrial stock, he might be getting the same rate as the house-owner, in which case Mr. Ilsley will take away from him 52 per cent of $500, or $260, which is his penalty for investing in an industrial stock instead of a house. (It is only part of his penalty, for I need not remind Mr. Ilsley that the industrial company will have to earn a darned sight more than $500 on his capital in order to pay him that modest amount, there being all sorts of taxes deductible from its earnings before they reach the dividend form.) So Mr. Ilsley is really bonusing the house owner by rather more than $260 as against the investor in another form of ownership which might really be of equal social value. Desirable as it is that people should own their own houses, the equity of this arrangement entirely escapes me.

Bonus Grows With Income

The size of this bonus increases *both* with the total income of the house-owner *and* with the amount of the rental value. If the income exceeds $8,660, the top rate of tax is 55 per cent plus 7 per cent, or 62 per cent. Such a family will probably live in a house worth, say, $700 a year. The bonus then becomes $434 per annum, or nearly two-thirds of the rent. Why should anybody get two-thirds of the rent remitted for living in his own house instead of somebody else's? But even in the lowest brackets (where there is any tax at all), the penalty on the renter is severe enough, and in many cases the house-owner will actually escape all taxation (by having no income above $1200, married) when the man in exactly the same position but having enough additional income, earned or unearned, to pay the equivalent rent will have to pay a sum running up to two-thirds of the difference between the $1200 and his actual income.

Let us take two young workingmen with a wife apiece and an income of $1200. One has invested in a house with a net rental value (after taxes etc.) of $240 a year. The other has put the same amount of savings into a good stock yielding him at the same rate on his capital. The one will pay no income tax, the other will pay two-thirds of $240, or $160; his total income is $1440, of which $660 is exempt, $500 bears $150, $280 bears $93 in the graduated tax, and the whole thing bears 7 per cent in the normal tax, or $100.80, total $343.80, less $150 for wife is $193.80, but not more than $160 can be taken under the 1943 amendment. Bonus to the house-owner for living in his own house, $160, or two-thirds of his imputed rent. If the income were $100 higher, the bonus would be the full $193.80.

Bonus for Children?

On the other hand, I suggest to Mr. Ilsley that there is a class of persons who should be bonused, and they are largely the same persons whom he is now bonusing, only he is bonusing them for the wrong reasons and on the wrong principles, and thus missing a lot of the right people and bonusing a lot of the wrong ones.

The people who live in their own houses are largely people with children. They should be bonused for having children, and not for living in their own houses; and the people who live in their own houses and have no children should not be bonused. The present allowance of $80 per annum for each dependent child is utterly inadequate. If a married pair with $1200 should be left untaxed, a pair with two children should be allowed at least $1800 untaxed, instead of which they pay $182.80 after the allowance for the children. It would be a vastly more justifiable bonus to remit that $182.80 on account of the two children than it is to remit it for the same class of people for living in their own homes.

This country needs families, and it needs well brought up families, and I suggest that to take $182.80 per annum away from a family of father, mother and two children with an income of only $1800 is not a good way to get them.

Penalize the Childless

In fact, now that I come to think of it, a married pair *without children* who live in a house that is too large for them ought to be penalized instead of bonused, for using up too much of the insufficient housing space in this poverty-stricken country, housing space which is urgently needed by married pairs who have children and want to find a place in which to bring them up decently. Let us take away this bonus from the people who occupy their own houses, and give it to the people who bring up their own children. When they happen to be the same people it will make no difference to them. When they aren't the same people it will be a great improvement from the standpoint of society.

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For more extensive analyses, where pay must be computed for a large number of employees and where job cost records and other breakdowns are essential, Remington Rand Tabulating Machines are the answer. A recent installation of this equipment for a leading Canadian war product manufacturer writes, in minimum time, payrolls, pay envelopes, cash slips, payroll registers, labor distribution, payroll distribution, wage analysis and employees' earnings statements.

Remington Rand Accounting or Tabulating Machines are available only after approval of delivery by the Wartime Prices and Trade Board.

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Sharks Are Now Important Source of Vitamins

Cod-liver oil, the main source for years of Vitamin A, is being replaced by shark-liver oil.

Because of this scientific discovery the shark-fishery in the Pacific has become a major industry bringing prosperity to thousands of fishermen.

In four days one crew of a small boat had a take worth twelve thousand dollars.

BY D. G. JOHNSTON

WHEN the Nazis marched into Norway they laid the foundations of a remarkable new industry—shark fishing. The connection between the conquest of Norway and the large-scale catching of sharks in almost every part of the world where they abound may seem remote. The explanation is that the Norwegians supplied a large proportion of the world's cod-liver oil, vital source of vitamin A. Denied this source, the nations and particularly the United States, which is particularly "vitamin conscious", began to seek alternative sources of the vitamin which aids growth, encourages resistance to respiratory diseases and, it has been more recently found, is associated with normal sight in semi-darkness.

Millions of babies as well as night-fighting airmen are benefitting from the vitamin extracted from the rich oil contained in sharks' livers. With butter, milk, eggs and certain other foods which are normal sources of the vitamin in short supply in countries at war, the demand for extract has risen. In the U.S. it has been used by poultry breeders who have found that chickens given vitamin A give more eggs.

The discovery that the liver of sharks, normally regarded by fishermen as a nuisance responsible for the destruction of nets, might be rich in vitamin A was the result of a "hunch" by a San Francisco wholesale fishmonger. Sharks when landed were usually sold for fertilizer at "give away" prices—perhaps $8 a ton. The big liver of a shark—the liver averages one-tenth the body weight—submitted to a chemist produced an astonishing report. It was rich in vitamin A, much richer than cod-liver, and would amply justify commercial extraction provided sufficient livers were available.

The next step was to offer fishermen a price justifying their catching sharks deliberately instead of accidentally. The broker offered $20 a ton and the sharks began to roll in. It was not until some weeks later that he discovered a particular shark, the soup fin, had a huge liver even richer than others in the precious vitamin. He put his price up to about $30 a ton for soup fins.

Fierce Competition

Needless to say it was not long before others guessed that broker was not paying this price to turn sharks into fertilizers. His secrets came out and soon there was fierce competition for sharks resulting in prices which must have made the fishermen think a new gold rush had started. The price rose until at the beginning of last year it had reached $1,500 a ton, believed to be a record for any fish. A single soup fin shark sometimes fetched $150 or $200 at auction and fishermen who had been through poor times made fortunes in a few weeks. One crew of a small boat was reported to have made about $12,000 on four days fishing. Even "amateurs" sometimes cashed in, although shark fishing off the U.S. coast generally calls for a deep-water craft. However, there were many stories of small boys catching sharks with hand lines off the docks and getting cash on the nail up to $40 for them.

The fishing spread to other parts of the world where the soup fin is found, particularly the Pacific islands. Here the sharks are caught by "night lines", tied to ten gallon oil drums and baited with any carrion. The lines are left until a shark is hooked when it is chiefly a matter of strong arms to complete the catch as the "line" is actually the strongest rope. One of the handicaps of fishing in some of the areas where sharks abound is the lack of facilities for extracting the oil on the spot or refrigerating the livers for forwarding to a factory.

Off the U.S. coast shark fishing by hand lines is only a very small part of the business and the big catches are made with nets. The fishermen find the shark far too unreliable in its habits for lines to be depended upon—days can be spent fishing without a shark being seen. Even with nets, the nomadic habits of the shark mean blank days. The habits of the shark have not been studied like those of the common edible fish, although the experience of the last two years has taught fishermen much. The fish are found all the way from the coast of Mexico up to Alaska at different seasons.

At the present time, it is the liver-oil from the shark that is the prize. But there are possibilities of the extraction of insulin and, of course, where there are Chinese in the neighborhood there is a demand for the fins for soup. After the extraction of the vitamin from the oil, it can be used as a lubricant for machines. Shark skin makes a good "leather" but the skinning is a tough job and most of the sharks being caught seem to be condemned to become fertilizer when the liver has been cut out.

One of the interesting points for scientists is "How does the shark manufacture its vitamin A?" The answer appears to be that it gets it from plankton, that invisible marine growth of which the oceans contain countless millions of tons. Now there is the intriguing possibility of the vitamin being directly manufactured from the plankton instead of having to go through the manufacturing process in the shark's inside. But at present it is merely a possibility.

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THE HITLER WAR

Victory in Tunisia---But Seriously Delayed

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

WE ARE on the road to victory in Tunisia at last, with another brilliant stroke by General Montgomery which has pried Rommel out of his chief southern defences, the Mareth Line. Now it remains to be seen whether the "fox" can carry out another of his usual skilful, delaying retreats, with other forces of ours biting at his flank all along the 300 mile trail back to Tunis.

If Rommel does succeed in getting the bulk of his force back to join with von Arnim for a last stand in the Tunis-Bizerta corner, as he succeeded in getting from Alamein to the Mareth Line, he will deserve well of his master. While discounting the glib phrases which fill some despatches, such as his "tortured retreat through a corridor of hell", it does seem that he faces a different proposition than his straightforward run along the Libyan coastal highway, gaining ground steadily on his pursuers through the use of mines and booby traps.

Our unfolding strategy appears similar to the "staircase" strategy employed by the Germans in opening their summer offensive east of Kursk and Kharkov last June, and which the Russians used with similar success in their winter campaign. First we seized the enemy's hard fist, at Mareth, as the Russians did the German fist at Stalingrad. Now we are striking at his long arm stretched all the way down the Tunisian coast, at the wrist, the elbow and the shoulder.

At the very least this threat must speed Rommel's retreat. Just as a flanking thrust to El Hamma pried him out of the still barely-dented Mareth fortifications, so the American flanking threats from El Guettar and Maknassy may make it impossible for him to stand more than a day or two in the otherwise promising Gabès Gap, just north of that town.

Rommel's next possibility of a delaying stand would be to the south of Sfax. But this in turn is threatened by the new American-French threat from Fondouk, against Kairouan and Sousse, well in his rear. And all the while his goal, the Tunis-Bizerta corner, is menaced by a British First Army thrust from Medjez-el-Bab.

Victory For Axis, Too

While the Eighth Army flanking thrust to El Hamma which initiated this campaign was a very fine stroke, boldly carried out from an operating base, at Foum Tatouhine, a good 100 miles in the rear, and the American, French and British troops and commanders in the centre and north will gain invaluable experience in the coming weeks, the recurrence of the word "delay" in the above account indicates that the Axis, too, is winning a victory in Tunisia.

Their obvious purpose in going there was to delay an attack of ours upon Italy or Southern France, and incidentally to save the remainder of Rommel's Libyan Army to aid in this. They also wanted to delay the opening of the short Mediterranean shipping route, upon which would follow an Allied offensive in the Balkans.

I believe, however, that the Nazis had a purpose in Tunisia which has not been so obvious. Putting in more force, and more and better equipment than we had expected—because it was so plainly a lost cause—they have compelled us to divert more men and tie up more shipping in this sideshow than we had intended. Mr. Churchill revealed nearly two months ago that we had already landed half a million men (not all front-line soldiers) in North Africa; while there must be about 100,000 up forward with the Eighth Army, and a great mass of perhaps three-quarters of a million men behind these in the Near and Middle East.

Ties Up Our Shipping

A great tonnage of shipping is committed to supplying our new armies in North Africa. And a greater tonnage is tied to the long Cape route to supply the still larger armies of the Middle East, as well as Turkey and Russia, in default of the short route through the Mediterranean. It may be that the German leaders count on this, together with their new U-boat campaign, to just avert a major Allied landing in Western Europe this summer.

Is it not for this reason, then, that they have fought for every possible day's delay in Libya and Tunisia since last November? Mr. Churchill, in the same speech, found it "indeed remarkable that the Germans were prepared to pay the price of the struggle to hold the Tunisian tip." This is a fairly stiff price: a quarter of a million men (of whom 100,000 would have been lost in Libya anyway, while others will certainly escape by air or sea from Tunisia); almost all of the excellent equipment, including the big Mark VI tanks, which they have put in, and very little of which they will be able to get out; over 1000 planes, including many of their best models, FW 190's and ME 109G's; and from a third to a half of the shipping they are using.

But if this investment should avert the landing in Italy and the knocking of that country out of the war which seemed only a few months away when we landed in North Africa and broke Rommel's Army at Alamein last November, and postpone or considerably diminish our big cross-Channel effort, which held out such promise for this spring during the height of the Soviet winter success, then I fancy Hitler and his generals will consider it well made.

Perhaps the biggest question of the war at this moment is whether our delay in cleaning up Tunisia—which came from a lack of boldness in exploiting our unexpectedly early success at Algiers—and the consequent tie-up of shipping, has really postponed a major invasion of Europe beyond this summer.

If it has weakened the blow that we could strike so much as to give the Germans a good possibility of smashing us back into the sea with a counter-attack, or has delayed our timing so much that we would be landing just in time to dig in for the fall and winter rainy season, then we are likely to wait till next year. For the many early defeats of the war seem to have deeply impressed on our leaders the need for possessing overwhelming force and being sure that our attack will "stick". In such a case as the failure to make a daring bid for Tunis and Bizerta

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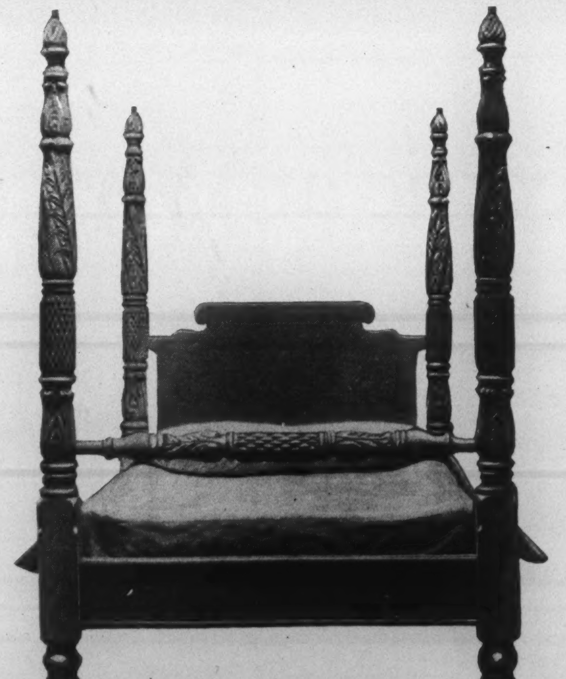

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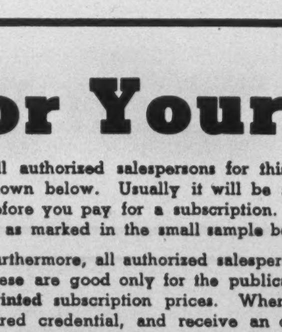

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last November, it seems to have impressed them too strongly in favor of caution, as one very high British military authority recently admitted privately.

There is another important consideration which could affect our decision to open the decisive battle against Germany this year, and that is the likelihood that the Soviets, after their great exertions of the winter, will be unable to launch a large-scale offensive this summer. In that case the Germans could shift strong forces back to the West and our task would be very much tougher.

Cannot Complain

We can hardly complain about this, since we failed to stage an effective offensive while the Russians were fighting so desperately and heroically for Stalingrad last fall, or while they were throwing the German armies back into confusion and peril last winter. Yet it is extremely desirable that the Russians and ourselves should co-ordinate our blows so as to hit the enemy at the same time.

The big difficulty in this is that the time for campaigning in France and Flanders is spring and summer, while it has seemed so far that the only season in which the Russians can assert a definite tactical superiority over the Germans is winter. Then, the hardihood of their men, coupled with the adaptation of their equipment to the terrain and climate, from long experience, and German dread of the cold and the vast inhospitality of nature, combine to give them a clear superiority.

It is true, the Soviet armies of the centre and north do not appear to have exerted as much of their latent offensive strength during the past winter as have those of the south. All could conceivably be ready by July or August for an offensive concerted with a landing of ours in France or Belgium, if the necessary confidence and strategic co-ordination can be established between ourselves and the Russians, and should the shipping situation permit, and the results of our bombing offensive encourage, the attempt.

In outlining what I conceive the enemy plans and hopes for in 1943, I am by no means implying that these plans and hopes will be fulfilled. The Germans have made many mistakes and laid many plans which were not fulfilled. Someone has said that they "never make any mistakes except the very biggest ones", and it is not inapt.

A Surprise For Them

They appear to have been greatly surprised when we found an armada of 500 ships with which to invade North Africa, after all their U-boat efforts of last year. They may be surprised again, or better still, thwarted in the hopes which they are obviously building on this year's U-boat campaign. And our mounting day and night air attack against their arms production centres and transport system may have attained such a weight by mid-summer as to undermine all their plans for a long stand in their "Fortress Europe", designed to discourage us and win a compromise peace from disunited opponents.

The extent of the improvement in our shipping situation indicated in a speech early this week by First Lord of the Admiralty Alexander bears out the calculation presented in these columns three weeks ago. In early February Mr. Churchill said we had gained a million and a quarter gross tons of shipping during the preceding six months, or an average of 200,000 tons a month. Now Mr. Alexander says we have gained two million tons in eight months, which means an average of 375,000 tons a month during the past two months. This is our margin of victory.

As to the effect of the air raids, it is clear from German howls and from Air Ministry photographs (taken mainly by *Mosquitoes*) that we are hurting the enemy far more than ever before. German reports via Stockholm admit that the raid of March 5 was worse than all 57 earlier raids; and the raid of March 12 is admitted to have been worse than that of March 5. Last Saturday's raid, however, is officially stated by the Air Ministry to have been the heaviest and most effective of the war. So our attack is building up very satisfactorily.

Although it appears from the airmen's stories that incendiaries were sprinkled liberally over the entire city, many of the block-busters must have been concentrated on the giant Siemens electrical works, which employed 70,000 workers when I visited it before the war, on railway stations and power houses, and on numerous high-grade machine tool factories in the outskirts, which I also know from personal experience.

Krupps Hit Hard

The other most important target in Germany, Essen, is also getting effective attention. From Air Ministry accounts recent raids have accomplished more damage to the city and the Krupp Works (which I have also visited) than ever before. Here it may be said that Essen has proven a difficult target to bomb, as it lacks a good landmark such as the Rhine at Cologne and Duesseldorf, lies in the middle of a long built-up area which stretches almost unbroken from Duisburg to Dortmund, and is usually covered by a thick industrial haze.

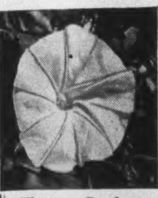
At Nuremberg it is the same story, with severe industrial damage and a loud howl from the Nazis. Here an aluminum factory, another Siemens works and a branch of the famous M.A.N. diesel concern were heavily hit. At Munich we turned our fire on the big Bavarian Motor Works, which, among other things, makes the motor for the F. W. 190. At Stuttgart we hammered the Bosch works, which makes the injection pump for German aircraft and U-boat diesels, and ignition systems for gasoline motors; and also on Daimler-Benz, suppliers to the German army of great numbers of excellent Diesel trucks, which it happens I have also seen under production.

Two Different Blitzes

A comparison can not be accurately drawn between this blitz and the Battle of Britain, from which Britain emerged stronger than before. The British had always before them the knowledge that their own powers were not fully developed, and the belief that relief would come to them from the Dominions and the United States. They could look forward to a gradual defeat of the German effort, and dimunition of the scale and effectiveness of attack.

The Germans today can have no such belief or hope. They know that they have made their greatest effort, and failed of victory. They have the evidence forced on them day by day that the attack will become constantly heavier and more effective. It seems that we are now smashing German industry faster than it can be repaired, so that the purely military effect is now cumulative. The psychological effect may increase at a much greater ratio. To under-rate this form of attack, this field in which we have our one outstanding superiority over the enemy, would be almost as bad as the over-rating of it in the past.

City by city, Mr. Churchill promised the Germans we would smash their war centres. An official in the Air Ministry in London inserts another flag. Many new names have been added to our calling list lately.



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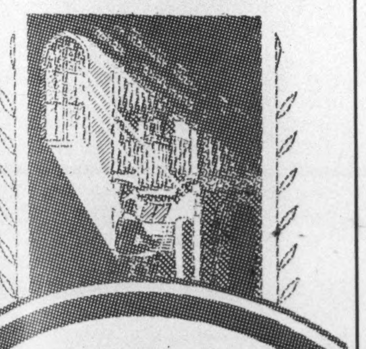

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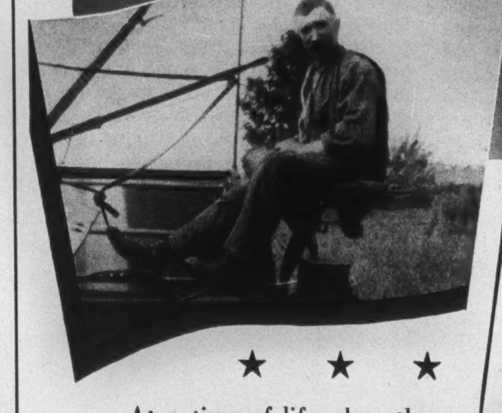

"24% of all farm operators are now over 60 years of age".... from a survey of 40 counties made in 1942 by the Ontario Department of Agriculture.

★ ★ ★

At a time of life when they would naturally expect to ease up from their labours, the elderly farmers of Canada have stepped into the breach to maintain food production at the high levels required by the government for wartime needs.

The exodus of younger men from the farms to the armed forces and munition plants, has forced these men to resume the heavy work on the farm. There will be no holidays for them!

Bertha McGillivray Christian writes in FARMER'S MAGAZINE—

"In many communities there are a great many men over sixty—yes, and some over seventy, who are working just as hard as they did over twenty years ago. The wife of one of these men said to me—'Dad does more now than he did twenty years ago and with less talk about it'—Another of these veterans, Joseph Kendrew farms 300 acres. He raises sheep and Shorthorn cattle, milking upwards of twenty cows. Bacon for Britain is also a main crop on the Kendrew farm. The veteran of them all is Robert Patterson, who despite his 86 years, does a man's work. Last spring he forked manure as usual and helped with the hay and the harvesting."

...AND THE YOUNGSTERS...

At the other end of the picture we have the young boys and girls whose day does not finish when school is over. Chores, such as milking, feeding, working around the barn, cleaning stables as well as the regular farm work—driving tractors, hoeing, helping with the hay and harvest—all these occupy their time before and after school and throughout their summer holidays.

This is what farmers and their families are doing, that their sons overseas and the people in cities and towns may not go short of food. It is their response to the call for aid in food production in wartime.

Alone, they cannot meet the tremendous food objectives set for 1943. The 240,000 farm workers who have left Canadian farms since 1940 must be replaced from some source, if the work of these less physically able farm operators is to achieve full results.

REGULATIONS WILL NOT PRODUCE FOOD

Government services provide certain facilities for supplying some of these needs but Government regulations alone will not produce food. THEY CAN ONLY BE MADE EFFECTIVE BY WILLING CO-OPERATION ON THE PART OF URBAN CITIZENS TO PLAY THEIR PART IN THIS FUNDAMENTAL TASK.

It is the will of the people of Canada expressed by our Government that the food needs of our armed forces and that the food commitments we have made to our gallant Allies, should be taken care of before Canadian civilian needs are considered.

So it is not only a patriotic duty, but a matter of self-interest that everyone who can, should pitch in this spring, summer and fall to give the Canadian farmer a hand in this big job that he has been asked to do.

An excellent booklet showing how any urban citizen can play his or her part in this essential task, can be obtained on request from—Director, Ontario Farm Service Force, Parliament Buildings, Toronto, Ontario.

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THE FRONT PAGE

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SATURDAY NIGHT, *The Canadian Weekly*

THE LONDON LETTER

Troubles of Britain's "Public Schools"

BY P. O'D.

BRITAIN'S Public Schools continue to have a hard time. Their efforts to become public in fact as well as in name—at least to the extent of sharing in public funds—are continually being snubbed. The latest refusal of the outstretched hand comes from the London County Council. Its Education Committee has refused to cooperate.

"Schools established and run for private profit must go," said Lord Latham, leader of the L.C.C.—and himself presumably a product of the public-school system. Which seems to make the blow all the harder. And he went on to say that the Public Schools should be "integrated into and become part of the general educational system."

Coming from the head of even such a Socialist body as the L.C.C., it seems a bit harsh to say that the Public Schools are "run for private profit". Private they certainly are, and they obviously must make some money if they are to keep going. But they are not "run for profit". Their history through the centuries is there to show what an immense contribution they have made to the national life. In fact, most of the nation's rulers were educated there.

Few thoughtful persons seriously question that the Public Schools have done grand work, and are still doing it. Educationally they are admirable institutions. The real difficulties are economic. Not enough boys to fill them. Not enough parents who can afford to pay the fees. And parents with money are likely to be scarcer than ever when the war is over.

Some Public Schools have tried to find a way out of their difficulties by amalgamation. Even Winston Churchill's old school Harrow has had to do this. Most of them have reduced their fees, but there is an obvious limit to this. A Public School is an expensive institution to run.

The only other way is somehow or other to fit the Public Schools into the national scheme of education so that they will share in State funds. But in a country that is going more and more Socialist in its attitude to such problems, the obstacles to this are enormous.

In spite of the half-hearted disclaimers of its supporters, the Public School has always been a class-institution. That has been the chief source of its strength and influence. And that sort of institution in this harsh, irreverent modern world is fast becoming an anchronism.

But this is a country where, in the words of King Charles, anachronisms take "an unconscionable time in dying". It may well be that the Public School will continue to disappoint the doctors who so confidently predict its end. It has already survived many an illness that should have been fatal—and wasn't.

Nuffield Foundation

Giving away money must be great fun. But it is not a pleasure that most of us can indulge in on a really magnificent scale. Few have the bundles of boodle to bestow, and of those that have most prefer to keep it in the old oak chest. But Lord Nuffield is not one of the hoarders. He has just handed over what must be very nearly his entire holding in the Nuffield organization—the Morris Motor Works to most of us still—as a capital fund for a charitable trust. Just a cool £10,000,000! If so much money could ever be anything but very, very warm.

Compared to the vast benefactions of Carnegie and Rhodes and Rockefeller, it may be that the Nuffield donations don't stack up so very high. But he had already given away about £15,000,000, and the extra ten bring it up to a very nice round figure indeed, putting him easily first among British philanthropists—so far, at least, as the extent of his financial contributions is concerned. Carnegie, I suppose, must be counted an American, and Rhodes a South African.

Certainly no charitable endowment at all comparable with the Nuffield Foundation, as it is to be called, has hitherto existed in this country. The two nearest are the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust and the Pilgrim Trust founded by Edward Harkness, the American railway magnate. Each has a capital of £2,000,000.

The objects to be assisted by the Foundation are medical research and teaching—always a matter of very keen interest to Lord Nuffield—development of medical and health services, scientific research in the interests of trade and industry, including agriculture, the pursuit of social studies, which may mean a lot or not very much, and the care and comfort of aged persons, a characteristic and admirable benefaction. The great industrialist, who started life as a little boy mending punctures in an Oxford bicycle shop, has not forgotten what it is like to be poor.

Unenterprising Theatre

At last week's session of the Brains Trust a question was read from a couple of American soldiers asking why the London theatre showed so little enterprise compared with the New York theatre. It was perhaps not an altogether tactful question, but most of the members of the Brains Trust apparently felt that it was justified.

The London stage at present certainly is not showing very much enterprise—possibly because it doesn't have to. Almost any kind of show plays to packed houses. The theatrical taste of war-time appears to be omnivorous and undiscriminating.

No better evidence of this could be given than the revival of such dusty and battered veterans as "A Little Bit of Fluff" and—going much farther back—Dion Boucicault's "The Streets of London". There is something almost cynical about such a choice. But why should producers worry, so long as audiences don't?

"A Little Bit of Fluff" was one of the great hits of the last war—it ran for some 1,250 performances—a crude, bouncing farce, in which there isn't a figure or a situation or a joke that hasn't been doing duty for centuries. The straying husband, the jealous wife, the young minx, the mild little man who is always getting into scandalous and embarrassing situations—they are all there.

They have always been there, and, I suppose, they always will be there, with such minor modifications as changing fashion may from time to time dictate. So whether this old version is revived, or a new version written of the same eternal farce, doesn't seem to be very important. The more it changes, the more it doesn't change. Neither apparently does the taste of the people who delight in it.

I saw the play many years ago in the time of its first heyday. Almost the only thing I remember very clearly about it was the verdict of an eminent New York critic, which I have ever since treasured as a prize specimen of the neatly devastating. "Last night was the première of a great London hit called 'A Little Bit of Fluff'. It weighed a ton."

Crossword Puzzles

It is said that humanity has never recognized or rewarded its greatest inventors, the people who first made or discovered the simple things that have gone into use so universal that no one can remember when they began or how. Who invented the bow and arrow? Who first rode a horse or ate an oyster? Who found out how to make fire? Who worked out the plan for the first wheel?

Leaving these shaggy Edisons of Neolithic times at work in their caves or at the squatting-places in the forest, and coming down to quite modern times, who invented the crossword puzzle? This may seem a very trivial thing to mention in such a connection. There may even be people who regard it not as a benefit but as a social curse.

Those of us who are bored with crosswords—as I must confess I am—must still admit that to many thousands they bring that very valuable form of relief, which is the substitution of a trivial worry for an important one. And never has that or any other kind of relief been so useful as in the past few years. The crossword puzzle has been a godsend to many an anxious soul.

One is reminded of this by the announcement that *The Times* has celebrated the appearance of its 4,000th crossword puzzle. The series has been going on without a break for nearly 12 years. And *The Daily Telegraph's* crosswords are even older. They began back in 1925, and are now getting on towards 5,500.

There are other series highly regarded by amateurs of such things, but these two are perhaps the best known vintages — with *The Times* series considered to possess the finer flavor and bouquet. So at least I am assured. The earnest student graduates, it seems, from *The Telegraph* to *The Times*.

Who invented them? Heaven only knows! Probably someone simply killing time with a pencil and paper, and in absence of mind running words together in a criss-cross of sprawling pattern, and then gradually waking up to the interest and possibilities of the proceeding. All we know for certain is that crosswords were popular in England more than 100 years ago—some time around 1820, we are told.

After a while they died out here and were forgotten until, like many another old fashion, they were rediscovered in America — about the time of the last war. So finally they came home again in triumph, one of the popular fads of the day, like the pretty girl of the village who disappears to return as a film-star.

I don't know if they are still popular in America, but there can be no doubt of their continued popularity here. Perhaps the war is responsible. Whatever else can be said for them, they are at least something to do in the "black-out".

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OTTAWA LETTER

Parliament Takes More Interest

BY G. C. WHITTAKER

A LOT has already been written about Sir Edward Beatty. Few on and around Parliament Hill who saw his picture on the front pages of the papers last week would have failed to recall one who was commonly known as his double—the late Joseph Apps. It was almost an everyday occurrence for the subordinate to be mistaken for his chief in Ottawa. Bearing a remarkable physical resemblance to the President of the C.P.R., Apps emphasized it in his dress and in other ways. Although he consistently denied that there was anything intentional about it, many people believed over the years that he purposely took on the role of the double of his boss in order to serve as a shock absorber when occasion required.

His soft felt hat was always at the same angle above the same shade of greying hair, and his suits and topcoats were invariably of the same St. James Street cut as Beatty's. He had always the same graciousness and suavity of manner, he knew and was in contact with very much the same people, and he was always about the business of the C.P.R.

Although he seemed to desire no designation other than that of a servant of his great company, Apps was the successor in Ottawa of the old-time railway barons of Mount Royal and the forerunner of present-day "public relations experts." For many years he was the eyes and ears and the unobtrusive but very effective voice of the C.P.R. in Ottawa. Little if anything that concerned the interests of his company escaped his attention. Whether because of the obvious difficulty in finding his equal in effectiveness, or because the war has changed so many things, or whether, notwithstanding his protestations, he was so much the double of Sir Edward Beatty, Apps' place as the more or less permanent representative of the Canadian Pacific Railway at the seat of government has remained vacant since his death a few years ago. Beatty's picture in the papers the other day recalled his memory affectionately to many in the Capital.

Depreciation Write-Offs

Ottawa's echo of Washington's teapot tempest over governmental assistance in the financing of war production enterprises in Canada is mainly political and would have originated here had the first disturbance not come from below the border. An attempt to make out a case against the writing off of the capital outlay on war plants has been in the making for some time. It will doubtless be continued notwithstanding the failure of House of Commons' subcommittees on war expenditures to reconcile their views on the subject and admitted ministerial indifference to them.

The handling of the question of depreciation write-offs for purposes of taxation has had all along the appearance of being as sound as any division of the nation's war business. The whole matter has been altogether non-political and mainly extra-governmental, being directly under the War Industries Depreciation Board set up in the first year of the war and consisting of men who could hardly have any other concern than the national interest.

In determining the write-offs to be allowed, the Board had no ready-made yardstick, and could not have had, since no person in this or any other country could very safely venture a speculation as to the duration of the war. A policy had been proclaimed that there was to be no war profiteering, but private industry had to be assured as far as possible against loss if it was to venture on the undertakings indicated by the unfolding of the war effort.

Ilsley Sops Up Gravy

In the circumstances, fairly rapid depreciation write-offs were conceded, but there was never much chance of corporate enrichment resulting from this course because Finance Minister Ilsley was always on hand with his corporation income and excess profits taxes to sop up the gravy.

The subject of depreciation allowances on war plants is a tempting but not entirely safe one for politically-minded parliamentarians. Two divisions of the Commons' Committee on War Expenditures touched on the subject in their investigations last year but failed to reach common ground. The proposal that has attracted principal attention is that the Government should lay claim to ownership or part-ownership in war plant the capital value of which has been written off and upon which some return may be realized when war operations are over. This plan has been given the brush-off by Minister Howe and is not likely to come under very serious consideration in the future. Although the effort to exploit the depreciation question is not likely to end soon, Ottawa's concern, once the end of the war is in sight, will be with getting industry converted to peacetime operations most serviceable in the national interest.

Mr. Ilsley is one of the most respected and best-liked members of the Government but he now faces a more difficult time in Parliament than any through which he has passed since he became Minister of Finance. In other sessions matters for which he is responsible have been largely unquestioned because of the low vitality and lack of organization of the Opposition. Mr. Ilsley is due for a good deal of justifiable interrogation on price control, wage control and other anti-inflationary matters and on fiscal policy in general over which he has immediate jurisdiction and he appears not to have prepared himself for it.

Parliamentary Probing

The long semi-comatose condition of the Commons in relation to war economy seems to have given him a sense of over-holding sanction in such matters, and now that the actions of his agencies are coming under question he is displaying a disposition towards impatience, to say nothing of intolerance, which does not quite meet the situation. The ministerial contention that parliamentary questioning of official policy and action amounts to interference with the war effort isn't going down as easily this session as in the others subsequent to the 1940 general election. But no minister seems to be more inclined to profit by experience than Mr. Ilsley, and in due course he will probably recognize that Parliament is entitled to curiosity regarding even the works and ways of a Donald Gordon.

As has been remarked at other times in these Letters the Government at Ottawa is much freer from parliamentary interference in the pursuit of its policies and plans than either the Government at Westminster or that at Washington. The Government here is frequently influenced by an acute awareness of the public temper, seldom by parliamentary pressure. It is unlikely that parliamentary pressure will greatly affect the course of public affairs during the remainder of the present Parliament, but the more enlivened condition of the Commons should free the occupants of the Treasury benches of some of what has seemed to be excessive indifference to the outlook of private members on public questions.

This month's war loan campaign will be concentrated even more than those that have gone before on individual investors. The idea, of course, is to drain off surplus purchasing power that tends towards inflation and to get the mass of the public down to what the phrase-makers at Washington have come to term bed-rock economy. The plan will be promoted by the device of having two loan objectives, one for institutions and one for individuals.

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1906 — 1943

British Northwestern

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BALANCE SHEET AS AT DECEMBER 31, 1942

ASSETS

Cash in Bank and on Hand		$ 17,455.75
Balance due by Agents		33,475.78
Accounts Receivable		638.53
Investments:		
Bonds and Debentures, at cost	$1,017,968.81	
Stocks and Shares, at cost	276,850.81	
Real Estate Mortgages, at book value	12,500.00	
Real Estate, at book value	2.00	
		1,307,321.62
Interest Accrued		11,220.19
Total		**$1,370,111.87**

LIABILITIES

Losses Unadjusted		$ 16,160.43
Accounts Payable		7,662.50
Taxes Payable—Estimated		13,700.25
Due to Affiliated Companies		17,983.56
Reserve for Bad Debts		5,000.00
Reserve for Unearned Premiums		135,838.77
Capital Stock:		
Authorized—50,000 Shares of $40.00 each	$2,000,000.00	
Issued—14,860 Shares on which there has been paid		248,699.20
General Investment Reserve Fund		200,000.00
Surplus		725,067.16
Total		**$1,370,111.87**

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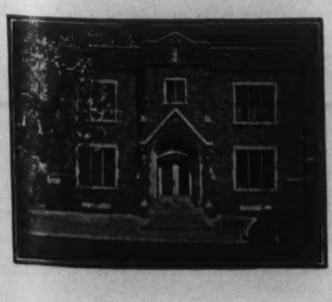

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THE LIGHTER SIDE

Clouds That Rolled By: Mr. Alldone's Awful Day

("I feel ashamed now to think of the things we used to worry over"... Soliloquy of Any Old Man, followed by "What the devil's wrong with this coffee?")

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

MR. ALLDONE always spoke of it afterwards as "Black Friday". But even in old age he hardly cared to talk about it, except for an hour at a time. Some of us can remember him still; a man of character, Mr. Alldone,—you could see it in the sweep of square firm head, suggesting something inside it, or near it, and the firm jaw, always shut unless open.

* * *

The scene is in Toronto,—not the Toronto that you know but the Toronto of the 'seventies that some of us can still remember; the Toronto of the jingling horse cars, of the young chestnut trees, of Carlton Street as the end of the town with the farms beginning on Bloor St.

* * *

Mr. Alldone sat reading his morning paper, his breakfast just done, and one eye out of the bow window to watch for the approach of the horse-car. Its appearance was always the sign for getting his hat and cane, kissing his wife good-bye and going out and stopping it.

* * *

"It's six minutes late again," he murmured. (Pretty hard on a man, morning after morning to wait anything from three to six minutes.) Then as he looked back at his newspaper a sudden spasm appeared on Mr. Alldone's face.

"What is it, Edward?" asked his wife, "is it the war news?"

He shook his head. "That's bad enough", he said, "but listen to this;—*"World to End in Five Thousand Years!"*

"In five thousand years!" gasped Mrs. Alldone. Ella Alldone was a courageous woman, but the brutal suddenness of the thing for the moment struck her down.... What about the children's education?

Alldone, controlling his voice as best he could, read on:—

"Speaking last night in Glasgow at the Royal Geological Association Lord Kelvin said that the maximum possible duration of the earth was five thousand years!"

The same unspoken thought overwhelmed them both. If that was the maximum what about the minimum?

"But why should *he* know?" asked Mrs. Alldone, her woman's instinct fighting even the inevitable.

"He's in the peerage," said her husband.

"The one that makes the soap?"

"No, Scotch Whiskey."—And Mr. Alldone added musingly, "They have to look ahead in that business."

Then he looked at the paper again and corrected himself. "Wait a minute though. It says about him down below,—*'Lord Kelvin, formerly Sir William Thompson, is senior professor of Physics at the University of Glasgow'.*"

"Physics?" said Mrs. Alldone.

"Physics", said her husband. "It includes surgery".

MRS. ALLDONE did her best to speak calmly. She was glad the children were already off to school. "How does he think it will end?" she asked.

"Frozen,—the temperature will fall to absolute cold, 264 degrees below zero." Mrs. Alldone shivered.

"Or possibly",—Mr. Alldone read on—"burned in a terrific heat of 6,000 degrees Fahrenheit.." Mrs. Alldone gasped.

... "or, on the Kinetic theory of gases, blown into fragments in a sudden explosion."

Mrs. Alldone jumped....

When she could speak more calmly she asked. "Does he say how he knows it?"

"He does. He argues that *the present conjunction of Mercury and Saturn..*"

"Yes, yes?"

.... *"means a continued acceleration of the precession of the equinoxes,—in other words an aberration of the whole solar system."*

Mr. Alldone threw down the paper.

"The damn solar system!" he exclaimed.

"Hush! hush!" his wife protested. She knew that he had always complained of the solar system, and never really trusted it. He had always felt there was a catch in it. In fact it was a standing complaint of his. "One day," he often said, "we'll see."—And now they were going to.

* * *

"THE car!" cried Mrs. Alldone.

Alldone laid aside his paper, put on his coat and gathered up his things. For once he forgot to kiss his wife good-bye, then remembered it at the door and turned back to her. "Forgive me, Ella," he said, "it's a little hard to get used to it."

Then he stepped firmly out on the street in front of the car and waved his hat in the horse's face. The driver, with a rapid turn of the arm of the new powerful circular handbrake, brought the car to a stop, rivetting it to the track, and bouncing up its six passengers.

"You're late," said Mr. Alldone.

"A little, Mr. Alldone: it's a mean morning. We had to stop and rub down the horse a few times .... and we're short-handed; there's only me and Bill on the car this morning."

Mr. Alldone went around to the back and got into the car. "Is your wife not coming?" asked Bill the conductor.—"No?"—"All right, Aleck," he called, "you can start."

The half-dozen passengers moved their feet in the straw and nodded.

"War news looks bad, Alldone," one of them said.... The man evidently had not seen the worst.

"Fare, please, Mr. Alldone," said the conductor.

Mr. Alldone handed him two cents.

"Three cents, sir, if you don't mind."

"Three cents!"

"It's gone up, sir .... they gave six months' notice, you know."

"Good Lord!" said Mr. Alldone, as he paid the extra cent, "What on earth is the world coming to? Three cents!" How long could a man go on like this, three cents here and three cents there! Keep that up a few years and where would you be?... An extra cent every morning and every afternoon for 300 days or years,—add that up, eh?

At the King Street corner Mr. Alldone and a fellow passenger got out to cross the street. A tattered man with a broom of twigs was sweeping round the mud, this way and that.... He touched his hat.

"They're getting awful, aren't they?" said Mr. Alldone. "Something should be done about those fellows, standing there and expecting a cent. Do you know, I heard they investigated one of those fellows at the police court and found that he had made forty cents in a single day!"

"No wonder we pay taxes!" growled the other.

* * *

Mr. Alldone went up to his office. He was a broker. In the office was Phillips his clerk,—an ageing man in thread-bare black, frail and worn, but able to write a hand like copperplate, for he had once been a clerk in London. There were no machines then.

"The war news is bad, Phillips," said Mr. Alldone.

"Bad sir, very bad," said Phillips, and when he spoke it was with the accent of London and the British army. He'd left his clerkship for the Queen's shilling. Twenty years he'd had. Thin old veterans like Phillips in those days often got fine jobs like what Phillips had, at thirty dollars a month and a holiday every holiday.

"I'm glad they've got Lord Chugsford, sir," continued Phillips. "He knows that hill country."

"This is terrible news, too," said Mr. Alldone, pointing at the item about Lord Kelvin.

"Bad indeed, sir," said Phillips, "I hope I never live to see it."

MR. ALLDONE sat down to read the news in detail. Bad, bad it was. As the cable headings put it: *Darkest Day of War. All England Anxious. Courage high. News from the NEPAUL CAMPAIGN. Funds fall a penny-halfpenny.* Then followed the details, plainly and courageously written, as for a people measuring the cost (in pounds, shilling and pence): *Lord Chugsford's entire Force, 300 of all ranks with 20 marines and a rocket gun, have advanced up the Brahmapootra into the Darghai Hills where they have suffered a severe reverse. Sir Dumdum Bullit, who led the advance, reported three men hit, with something or other, and a Highland piper, shot through the bagpipes, courageously continuing to play. The forces have fallen back, backwards and forwards.*

It was ominous enough. But more ominous still, to the trained intelligence of a broker, was the brief announcement that the Funds had fallen three cents! For the moment all thought of the end of the world was banished from Mr. Alldone's mind. This thing was nearer. If London had fallen three cents, what was happening in New York? Wall Street must be in a ferment.

"The ticker! the ticker!" he called to Phillips. "How's New York?"

There were no telephones then. But the circular telegraph tape called the ticker carried the stock news,—as long as it stayed in order.

"It broke yesterday afternoon, sir," Phillips said. "But I've sent Billy over to the telegraph office for the bulletins. He won't be—"

In fact Billy, the office boy, arrived at that moment.

Bad news, brief but bad. New York Central down 2 cents, Boston and Albany a cent and a half, the Erie Canal up one point but the Baltimore Canal down two.

But bad news never comes singly. A messenger appeared with an envelope. Alldone recognized the handwriting of the chairman of the Stock Exchange and tore the note open.

It read:—

Dear Alldone: Early morning telegrams have brought a flood of offers and orders,—at least a dozen, certainly ten,—showing a total collapse of values, Grand Trunk 2 cents, Great Western 1 cent, Goderich Ditch Canal a cent and a half, with Manitoulin Fish thrown on the market. Under the circumstances I write to you and to the other seven members of the exchange to say that on my own authority I am closing the Exchange. I am leaving the key with Peter, the Bar Tender at Clancy's.

* * *

Alldone got through the morning in the office as best he could: later on he could scarcely remember how. Once or twice he sent Phillips along the street and got back the report that the Exchange rooms were closed but that people were selling shares outside on the sidewalk at, literally, whatever they could get. Phillips had seen Grand Trunk sold five cents down, and Manitoulin Fish refused at any price. There was great gloom, he said, on the street. News of the disaster in Nepaul was by this time all over town. Work had practically stopped. People stood silent in little groups, or walked away and talked to themselves.

At half-past-twelve Alldone said "I shall go out now and get a bite of lunch, Phillips,—not that I can eat it.—I'll be right back, probably within an hour."

* * *

Lunch, in the Bodega Grill on Leader Lane, had always been one of the pleasant spots in Alldone's day,—the bright cosy grill, open glowing coal fires all down one side, chefs in white, waiters in black, sherry in great casks end-on, chops frizzling, everybody talking, blue smoke rising—.

* * *

ALL changed today. The patrons of the Bodega Grill sat silent, staring at the newspaper with little more than a nod and a word to a newcomer. Appetite was evidently gone. A man would order a porter-house steak, sit and look at it, then eat it and get up and go out; or order a chop, toy with it, then read the paper, toy with it again and then finish it.

Even the genial face of the proprietor had exchanged something of its pleasant aspect for the marks of anxiety.

"Three mutton chops, as usual Mr. Alldone?" he asked.

Alldone shook his head,—"Two and a half," he said.

"This is the noon paper, sir," said the waiter, as Alldone sat down. "Sherry, sir?"

Alldone nodded. It didn't seem worth while to speak. He'd get it without.

As he drank his sherry, mechanically, and hardly realizing what he was drinking except that it was sherry, Alldone read the latest London dispatches....

"The disaster to British Armies for the Nepaul Campaign," says the Times, "has had a reverberating effect throughout Europe. It is recognized that England has received a blow to her prestige, the one place where she can't stand it. But we are assured that England will not turn her back." Then followed the leading account. *Further cable despatches from London only deepened the gloom of what some one has fittingly called England's Darkest Hour. The fall of the Funds by one penny has led to a general fall of security values averaging anything from one farthing to a penny halfpenny. The Bank of England directors have at once raised the discount rate to ten per cent, gone into the bank and nailed up the door. Lord Gloop, the great financial expert, has said that England is within twelve hours of barter. He said this ten hours ago. Greatest anxiety prevails as to what happens next.*

* * *

ALLDONE had barely finished his chops and followed them with apple pie and doughnuts, more to conserve his strength than because they were included in the price of the chops, when a message-boy entered with a special news-cable bulletin for the proprietor.

"Read it, read it," called several of the men.

The proprietor looked at it, turned a trifle pale and shook his head. "You read it," he said to Mr. Alldone.

"London, Friday, 3 p.m., Queen Victoria stricken with attack of gout. Royal Physician, Sir Magnus Alhell in attendance."

There was a gasp from the listeners.

"Sir Magnus has prescribed a complete rest for Her Majesty, urging that she must not open Parliament today; he insists on her taking a pint of burgundy every half hour. If she won't, he will."

There was a chorus of approval. "He will, eh? That's the stuff." they said. Men recognize the true British spirit when they see it.

"Wait a minute," said Alldone, "there's more on the back.. *He will not be responsible.* That's it."

* * *

Well,—there was nothing to do but wait,—wait and hope. But meantime to all of them must occur the thought, what is Canada doing? Will Canada give no help? Where is Ottawa? Some didn't know.

* * *

For Alldone, the afternoon wore away with the same listless waiting. He was glad when the day drew to its end, glad to walk back home without waiting for the horse-car, though he could see it not far behind him, glad even to find himself back in his own home.

* * *

Then came the first break in the clouds.

His wife was standing in the doorway, waving an afternoon paper. "Look—look!" she called.—"Isn't it splendid?"

A moment later, Alldone, his eyes almost dazzled with joy, was sitting reading the latest bulletin from Glasgow.

"LORD KELVIN EXPLAINS. LONGER PERIOD ASSIGNED TO EARTH'S DURATION.

"Lord Kelvin drove to the office of the Glasgow Times today to explain his statement of yesterday and said that his estimate of the earth's duration is not five thousand years but five billion. The error was solely due to a shortage of type in the printing office, only three naughts being available for this item. The proprietors of the newspaper at fault have apologized very handsomely to Lord Kelvin and paid his cab fare both ways."

They both sighed with relief! It was good to be back in the happy old world, with, five billion years all their own.

* * *

But there were bigger and brighter and happier things still to come....

They had hardly risen from their simple dinner,—a joint and a fowl—when they heard the newsboy outside in the gathering dusk calling, "Special, Extra!—War News Extra!"

Alldone rushed out for the paper—money didn't matter now,—and when he brought it in, read out to his wife in a voice half choked with emotion but ringing with pride:

Canada to Britain's Aid: Dominion will send contingent up the Brahmapootra.... Then followed all the glad news that was making many a home proud that evening:—

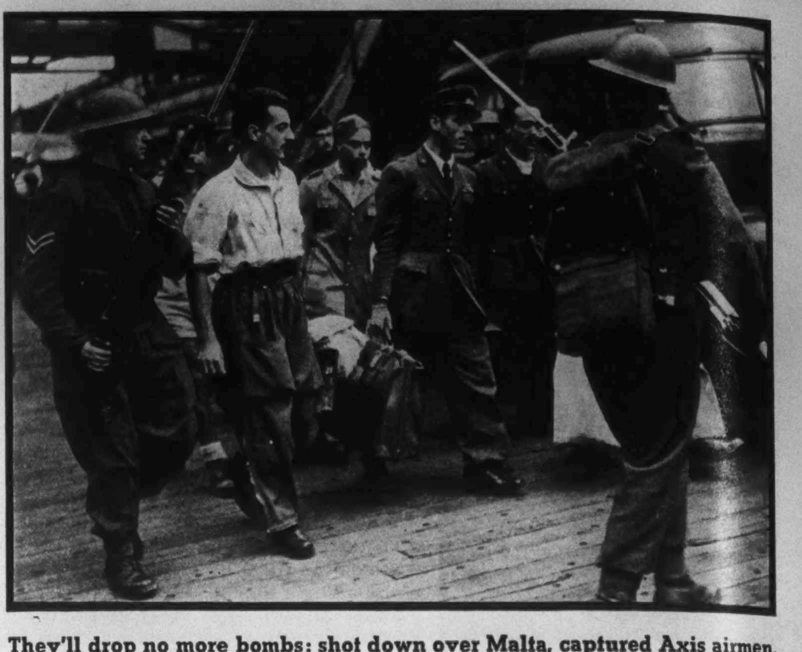
"It is announced from Ottawa that a Canadian War Contingent will be at once sent up the Brahmapootra. The force will consist of a hundred men, eighty of them trained voyageurs, and the rest on snow-shoes. The Prime Minister has assured the country that none of the expense will fall on Canada. He is not prepared to say where it will fall, but it won't be here."

* * *

"Isn't it simply wonderful?" said Ella, as she bent over her husband and kissed him. Then as she did so, her eye caught a final stop-press news item along the foot of the paper.

"QUEEN VICTORIA OPENS PARLIAMENT ON ONE LEG."

"Oh, Edward!"—and with that she crossed over to the piano (she was a trained musician), struck the opening chords, and said, "Come, Edward sing ... '*God ... save ... our gracious ... Queen*'."



They'll drop no more bombs: shot down over Malta, captured Axis airmen, German and Italian, are shown arriving in Britain under heavy guard.

WAR WHOOP

1943 MODEL

YOU HEAR IT at all hours . . . that long-drawn cry of the locomotive whistle. It's the war whoop of the railways.

It may be a troop train speeding to keep a date with a convoy . . . it may be a long freight loaded with tanks, guns and other materials of war, many of them built by the railways themselves . . . it may be another week's supply of raw materials to keep a war plant in production, or food, fuel and other essentials for the home front.

It is the war whoop of Canada's greatest war industry — the railways, which are serving the nation as effectively in war as in peace. Only the railways can furnish mass transportation on such a scale.

Your railways were ready . . . ready in war, so that Canada could strike with all her might. They will be ready in peace again to serve a greater Canada . . . rolling ever forward on highways of steel.

IF POSSIBLE AVOID TRAVEL OVER WEEK-ENDS AND HOLIDAYS

CANADIAN RAILWAY FREIGHT RATES ARE THE LOWEST IN THE WORLD

CANADIAN NATIONAL — CANADIAN PACIFIC

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Bringing Canadian Art to Our Armed Forces

(*Continued from Page 4*)

and J. E. H. MacDonald's *Mist Fantasy* (both from the Art Gallery of Toronto) and Arthur Lismer's *Isle of Spruce* (Hart House, Toronto). The style of painting selected by the committee is one which avoids extremes either of photographic realism, on the one hand, or of modernism, on the other. The aim has been to enable our soldiers to get wholesome understandable pictures that they would be most likely to appreciate.

In all, 7,500 prints, in editions of 300 each of the work of some 25 artists, will be sent out to the Armed Forces. Before the scheme was started, care was taken to find out whether the authorities would welcome it. As a result, the collections are assured, not only of a wide distribution, but of being well framed, well looked after and appreciated in the various Camps. Under the direction of J. W. G. Clark, Chief of Information, Armed Forces, a special committee representing the Navy, Army and Air Force, was set up at National Defence Headquarters to superintend the distribution. This committee decided to use 6000 of the prints in Canada, Newfoundland and Labrador, and to send 1500 to Canadian Military Headquarters in London, for use by the Canadian Forces in England. Some of the pictures will find their way on board sea-going ships of the corvette or mine-laying class. The pictures will be exhibited in groups. Col. C. R. Hill, Army Director of Special Services, has pointed out, in a letter, the advantages to be derived from the whole scheme. "From a morale standpoint", he writes, "these pictures have a tremendous value. Perhaps particularly in the case of men who have been away from Canada for two or three years, the display of Canadian scenes will make them conscious of the land and cause for which they are called upon to fight. To those men who are still in Canada, but who have to live under Camp conditions the pictures will bring a touch of beauty badly needed to counteract the dullness of their environment."

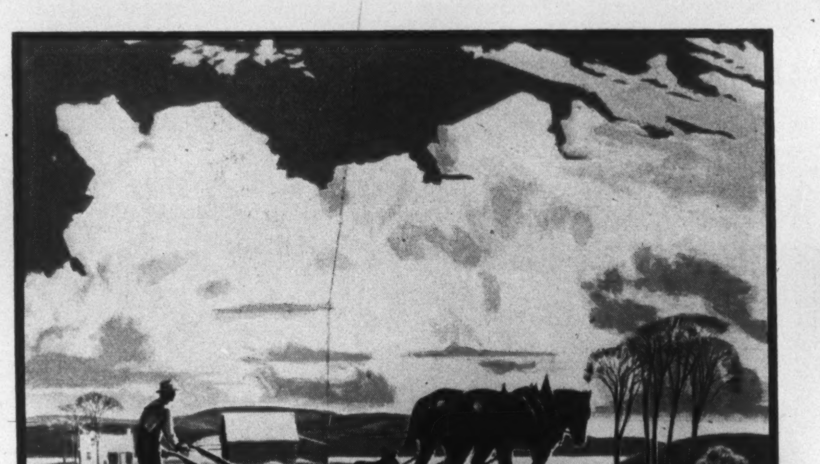
What chances will the general public have of seeing the collection? It is understood that copies of each print will be kept in the National Gallery at Ottawa, at the Art Gallery of Toronto, and at other galleries, where they will be exhibited, probably in the Fall. Later some of the prints will be distributed to schools, also under the auspices of the National Gallery. The whole experiment bids fair to leave its mark, not merely on Navy, Army and Air Force life, but on Canadian Art as a whole. For thousands of men and women in our armed forces will through this scheme be given a new appreciation of the art and artists of their country; and an impetus will be given to the popularization of that art through the circulation of prints, not in large editions of just one or two works, but in relatively small editions of a large number of different works.

* * *

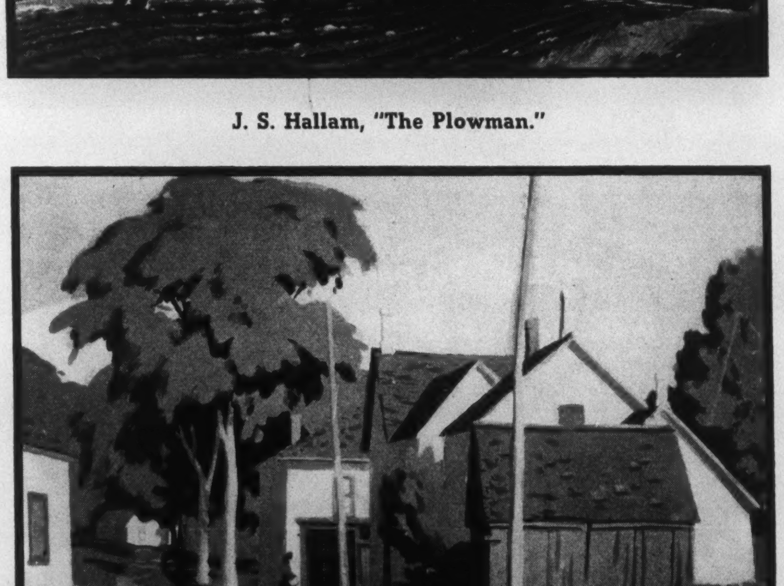
Reproductions, however, are not the only works of art that our Armed Forces are to enjoy. The YMCA (through its Associate Secretary for War Services, Mr. William R. Cook) has now launched an ambitious and far-reaching plan to bring original paintings by our Canadian artists into the army camps and barracks, the air and the naval bases in Canada, Newfoundland and Alaska. To make this possible, the 'Y' has called upon the help of the chartered art societies of Canada and of the National Gallery at Ottawa. As a result, ten travelling exhibitions of pictures have been organized, of which two consist of works selected by the Canadian Society of Painters in Water Color, two of works chosen by the Society of Canadian Painter-Etchers and Engravers, one by the Canadian Group, one by the Ontario Society of Artists, one by the Canadian Society of Graphic Art, and one of flower paintings chosen by Mr. Fred Haines, R.C.A.; while the remaining two consist of Photographs, of which one is supplied by the Pictographers' Society of Toronto, the other by the Toronto Focal Forum. Thus all the leading art societies are formally or informally participating in the scheme; and work representative of most Canadian artists of note will be shown to the Armed Forces. The collections are to be distributed by the nine area secretaries of the 'Y', through their 230 supervisors in the Camps, who will arrange direct with those C.O.'s who are interested in exhibiting the pictures. The scheme is on a voluntary and unofficial basis, but with consultation with the Navy, Army and Air Force authorities. The 'Y' will also make the exhibitions available for use by other national organizations working in the same field as itself. The pictures are to be exhibited, for one week at a time, in recreation buildings, mess halls, bunk houses and other convenient quarters. Then, after being in circulation for a year or so, the collections will go back to the societies, and will presumably be replaced by fresh ones, if necessary. However, the 'Y' is not resting content merely with sending out pictures, and leaving the appreciation of them to chance. It proposes to stimulate active, as well as passive, enjoyment of art, by encouraging the reading of suitable books, and by giving advice to those ambitious to express themselves in paint—partly through available art teachers, partly through the issue of a pamphlet on *How to get started*. Later the 'Y' plans to stimulate also interest in handicrafts and museums by circulating similar collections of this type of subject.

* * *

Mr. Franz Johnston's annual exhibition at Eaton's Art Gallery was crowded with visitors when I passed through, and I was told his pictures were selling "like hot cakes". To be a best seller in art in Canada is an achievement in itself; yet I find Mr. Johnston's success, though a tribute to his ability to gauge public taste, none the less aesthetically depressing. For these pictures have the appearance of being painted to a formula, which can be roughly summed up as suitability for Christmas card reproduction. Now at Chrstmas we all feel cheerful and sentimental; we see the world through rose-colored spectacles. To this mood Mr. Johnston attunes his art, and from it he rarely strays. He contributes therefore to sentimentalize art, but not to advance it. If all Canadian artists were to do likewise, their economic status might be higher, but the status of Canadian art as a whole would be as negligible as that of certain late Victorian Royal Academicians in London, England, today. Mr. Johnston's paintings at Eaton's are conventional in subject, photographic in style, garish in coloring, unvarying in neatness and smooth finish, and unworthy of his undoubted true genius.



J. S. Hallam, "The Plowman."



A. J. Casson, "Ontario Village."

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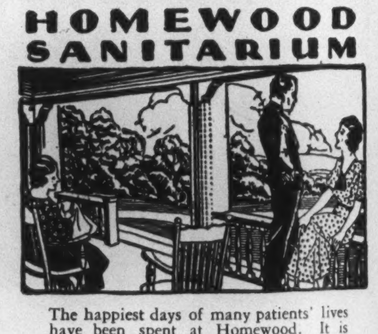

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WORLD OF SPORT

Mayhem Verbal and Physical

BY KIMBALL McILROY

THE unflattering pronouncements uttered at the start of the current Stanley Cup series by Bucko McDonald concerning the Detroit Redwings may have derived from either of two sources and had either of two effects on both the Redwings and the fans. The old saying was that good things go in pairs or something of the kind, but whether this was a good thing or not depends entirely upon the point of view.

The cynical will insist that Bucko's statements sprang not so much from the heart as from the box-office. Professional hockey magnates, like the impresarios of most other money sports, like to spread the idea around that the players on opposing teams hold each other in high disdain if not downright hatred. This is a difficult belief to foster in the light of the known fact that brothers, bosom pals, and business partners often play for different teams. It also is not helped in the case of pro hockey by the league officials' patent eagerness to slap heavy fines on any player who on the ice treats an opponent with anything but the greatest gentleness and respect. But the desire to foster such a belief still exists and, of course, Bucko's interview would fit perfectly into such a program.

The impression of the average Toronto fan, on the other hand, is no doubt that McDonald finally was unable to hold back an eminently just and justified statement of fact regarding a group of men who should not be permitted to soil the ice of Maple Leaf Gardens. If anything, they will feel that Bucko was perhaps a little too easy in his condemnation. Aren't the Redwings the team that pay a good salary to Orlando, the defenceman who so brutally held his head in the way of a flying stick in the hands of guileless Gaye Stewart?

Just what the players on the two teams thought of the whole affair may be a little more difficult to deduce. On general principles they probably had a good laugh over it, knowing the author of the remarks to be a kind soul who wouldn't pull the chair out from under his grandmother if anyone else happened to be sitting down. Still and all, Bucko said some unkind things about the professional abilities of the Detroit players, and the union rules don't condone that sort of thing. It is an unpublished rule of professional sport that unless you happen to be after another man's job you don't insinuate by word or deed that he's anything less than the greatest of all time. Maybe there *was* some hard feeling over it.

FOR the edification and amusement of the wrestling fans of Toronto and vicinity there was produced recently an alleged wrestler named Blimp: Last name, anti-climactically, Levy. The Blimp could not wrestle. He could hardly climb into the ring, because he weighed some 600 pounds or so. Now the most interesting part of the whole dubious performance is not the fact that the promoter felt that the Blimp might be of any conceivable interest to the fans, nor even that the fans reacted surprisingly but laudably by booing his appearance, but the fact of the exact manner in which the bout ended. The Blimp fell or was thrown out of the ring and was counted out before he could climb back in.

This is the sort of denouement to such a bout that your little nephew aged nine might think up. In his opinion it would be funny as hell. More adult minds would have the climax a little more credible and less obvious. Wrestling has fallen upon evil days, all right, but up to the appearance of the Blimp no one knew just exactly how evil.

THE remarks in this column a few weeks back about Jackie Collure of Hamilton, Ontario, being featherweight champion of the world turn out in the light of recent developments to have been rank understatement. This is not in reference to the fact that Jackie defended the title successfully his next time out, but rather to the fact that when approached concerning a bout with one of his challengers the Hamilton boy graciously agreed on the sole condition that he be guaranteed $30,000 with the alternative of accepting 37½% of the gate.

Jackie has indeed become a champion. It is easy to tell a champion from a challenger. A challenger goes around looking meek and hungry and offering to fight any place any time for peanuts or marbles. He trains hard and looks upon himself as a fighter pure and simple. A champion on the other hand is a man who is also willing to fight anyone any place, just so long as he is guaranteed a mortgage on the stadium for his efforts. He does not have to train because he is the best man in the world and he looks upon himself, not as a lowly pugilist, but as a public figure. Champions suffer as an occupational hazard from delusions of grandeur. Most champions are not champions for very long. Jackie Callure is proving himself to be a real champion.

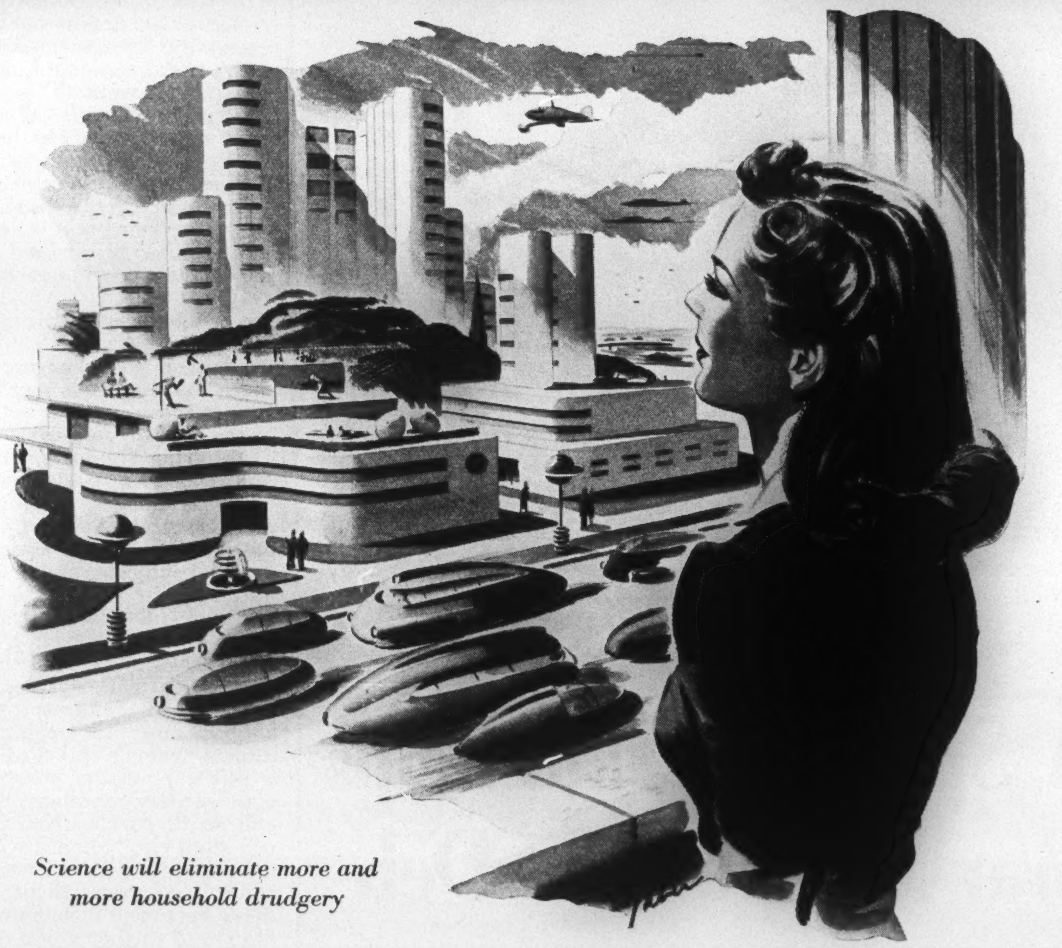
SPEAKING of boxers, we are reminded that at this writing Sam Lo Presti has just been reported safe, after being missing at sea. Aside from the fact that both wear gloves there is no connection between Sam Lo Presti and a boxer. What ties the two together is the fact that Barney Ross, the old lightweight champ, has been getting lots of newspaper publicity too. It seems that Barney shot up a lot of Japs on Guadalcanal.

Lots of boxers have made heroes of themselves or got killed so far in the war. Lots of ball and rugby players too. Wrestlers, even. But pro hockey players have been conspicuously scarce. Last war they did a swell job but this war things seem to be different. It's funny, too, because hockey is essentially a Canadian game and Canada has been in the war two years longer than the States, home of Barney Ross and, incidentally, Sam Lo Presti. Lots of the boys have enlisted but most of them are playing hockey, doing business on the same old stand. Barney Ross is doing the same old business, but he's doing it on a brand new stand.

On the Djebel-Bargou front, Tunisia: a British 25-pounder in action.

The early Spring thaw on the Russian front which has slowed down Nazi and Soviet columns alike came too late to save this German officer. He lies dead among a huge pile of booty captured by Russian tankists who re-took the Russian town he held and wiped out the force he commanded.

SALUTE TO THE WOMEN OF TOMORROW!



Science will eliminate more and more household drudgery

RESEARCH AND INVENTION have been speeded up by the war—the tragedies of today will, in the not-too-far-distant future, be transformed into the blessings of peace.

The women of tomorrow will step out of the bondage of household chores into more zestful, more creative living. More and more, they will share with men in the re-making of this world.

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WORLD OF WOMEN

Mme. Naidu -- India's Greatest Woman

BY EFFIE MAY ROSS

THE announcement on March 21 of the release of Mme. Sarojini Naidu, poetess and nationalist, who had been interned along with Gandhi and other All-India Congress leaders, came as a relief to her many admirers in Canada, and especially to those who, like myself, had been privileged to see something of her life, and her devotion to her cause, in her own home just before the war. Mme. Naidu was known to have been suffering from strain caused by the 21-day fast of her revered leader. Thousands of Canadians remember her with affection from her lecture tour here in 1929.

In the principality of Hyderabad, Deccan, was born in 1879 Sarojini, daughter of Aghorenath Challopadhyay, D. Sc. of Edinburgh University, educationist and scion of a noted Brahmin family. This daughter was sent to King's College, London, and to Girton, Cambridge, and later spent a year in Europe. On her return to India she married (1898) Dr. N. G. Naidu, principal medical officer to His Exalted Highness the Moslem Nizam of Hyderabad and Berar, monarch of a native state whose population of 13,500,000 is 93 per cent Hindu.

Emulating her mother, a poet of distinction, by writing verse from the age of 12, Mme. Naidu in 1914 was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature, London, for her three volumes of English poetry entitled "The Golden Threshold", named after her beautiful residence in Hyderabad, and prefaced by Arthur Symons; "The Bird of Time", with preface by Edmund Gosse; and "The Broken Wing". All these volumes have been translated into every Indian vernacular, as well as into several European languages, many being set to music. This "Indian Nightingale"—the best known poet in her native land next to Rabindranath Tagore—is also author of many articles and stories published in both Indian and English journals.

Quiet But Powerful

A woman of many parts, Mme. Naidu is an ardent politician, being especially connected with the women's rights movement; and for forty years has worked as vehemently against the abuses of purdah and child marriage as for the welfare of Indian students and the intellectual and moral advance of her country.

Through the successive periods recorded in their great epics and sacred lore, gentle, brown-eyed Indian women have for unnumbered centuries played a quiet but powerful part in the development of a native culture; but the rapid growth of nationalist desire for independence has done much to bring them more prominently forward in various activities within the past fifty years.

Acquiring Hindustani in later life, Mrs. Naidu is an eloquent orator in many languages, having delivered lectures in all the chief Indian cities on social, religious, educational and national subjects; and brilliant Jawaharlal Nehru pays tribute to her moving, patriotic speeches heard at his birth-place, Allahabad. Decorated by King Edward VII with the Kaiser-i-Hind medal for organizing flood relief work in Hyderabad, she is probably the most cosmopolitan of Indian leaders, having travelled in 1924 on a political mission, dealing with Indian settlers, throughout the East and South Africa, from which country, she says, "came a wizard across the seas—Gandhi," of whom she is a staunch admirer. Eight years later the Government included her in a deputation to further study the situation there, and also to represent India at the Round Table Conference in London, 1931.

"Swaraj"

A vibrant and emphatic supporter of "swaraj", Mme. Naidu was elected the first woman president of the National Congress in 1925, and her revolutionary tendencies are demonstrated in the following amusing incident. Ten years ago when the other members of the "Working Committee" (the real heart of Congress) were in jail, Mme. Naidu was left in charge of the civil disobedience movement. The police were terrified at having to arrest such an exceptionally dominant individual, so she had to visit several stations, demanding imprisonment, and when she was finally incarcerated the guards dutifully followed her instructions as to their conduct!

Foremost Hostess

Her arduous career has not spoilt this tremendously aggressive and radiant personality, for Mme. Naidu loves gaiety, children, motoring, gardening, and society, being recognized as the foremost Indian hostess and possessed of such a marvellous faculty for bringing congenial people together that her salon in the Taj Mahal Hotel, Bombay, is far-famed.

Graciously welcomed to the promised "genuine Indian tea party" in her Calcutta home, I enjoyed immensely (much to her gratification) the hot curry with rice and soft dark seeds resembling small raisins served in pastry shells, cream puffs, a delicious marzipan or almond paste confection, crystalized fruits, and the finest Indian tea in transparent china cups. She talked of her tour in the United States and Canada, during which she addressed numerous organizations on varied topics, and revelled in the novelty of crisp, cold weather while being entertained by Miss Helen Reid in Montreal, where she also met Dr. Stephen Leacock and other McGill professors.

Distinguished Guests

Among the distinguished guests who attended this tea party was the daughter-in-law of Keshub Chandra Sen, the great advocate of world peace and harmony of religions, and when Mme. Naidu said that she was glad that the celebration of her father-in-law's centenary had not prevented Mrs. Sen from coming, I noted with interest the deference of the reply: "An invitation from Mme. Naidu is a command." Our hostess told me that this revered religious leader had preached for Dean Stanley in Westminster Abbey.

Another interesting lady proved to be Mrs. Bose, wife of Chandra Bose, then President of the All-India Congress. Mrs. Bose told me how, while officially attending the international meetings of the Council of Women, she had met Charlotte Whitton and Winnifred Kydd, the latter then president of Canada's branch.

Brocades and Gauze

Dark-skinned but all exquisitely attired in rich brocades embroidered in fancy gold and silver designs, with delicate tissue or silky gauze "saris" and wonderful jewels, these charming Indian women were thoroughly conversant with European customs and *au courant* in world affairs.

Mme. Naidu was shortly to speak at the convocation of Andhra University, and, being a passionate worker for Hindu-Moslem unity, had on the previous day addressed the annual "Id" Renunion in connection with the Id-ve-Fitr or Feast of Almsgiving, one of the greatest Islamic festivals, which follows the Ramadan.

It is to be hoped that this brilliant woman will speedily be restored to health, for the momentous and pressing questions affecting India's relations with the British Empire can hardly be effectively discussed without the voice of the "golden-tongued" Mme. Sarojini Naidu.

Lovely Barbara Sellers of Winnipeg, Manitoba, is a member of the Women's Auxiliary of both the Royal Canadian Air Force and Navy—does canteen work, sews, sells war benefit tickets. Of skin care says Barbara: "I take a daily Woodbury Facial Cocktail to clear my skin. Woodbury Soap quickly brings sparkle and smoothness to my complexion."

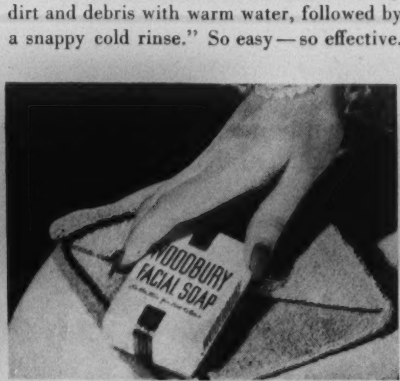
"A Sparkling Skin helps War Morale" says Deb

After busy day, she brightens beauty with a Woodbury Facial Cocktail

1. Wheat for our Allies. Barbara watches as it's transferred to elevators; says: "In these war days beauty care must be simple. Woodbury Soap is gentle, leaves my skin refreshed.

2. "I go over my face with Woodbury's rich lather to loosen all soil. Then I clear away dirt and debris with warm water, followed by a snappy cold rinse." So easy—so effective.

3. Rugby game to raise war funds finds Barbara in attendance, her complexion radiant. Woodbury Soap helps prevent clogged pores and damage to beauty from dust and dirt.



4. A true skin soap, Woodbury is made extra mild by a costly ingredient. "I never fear Woodbury will dry my skin," says Barbara. Try Woodbury Facial Soap today. Only 10¢.

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HARRIET HUBBARD Ayer

WORLD OF WOMEN

Easter Bonnet For Moddom

BY BABS WARNER BROWN

EASTER being late and the probabilities of shivering to death appearing pleasantly remote, a good many of us will be really going to town on the Easter Bonnet idea this year.

The first thing to remember, when buying anything as devastatingly important as a new hat, is to find a sympathetic salesgirl. Frankly, Ye Hattie Shoppie type of female terrifies me. They come out at you from behind draped cubicles, wearing that nothing - less - than - twenty - five-dollars expression. They always dress in black and their pearls choke them and they have hollow chests and that half dead or divorced look on their pale, pale faces. They call you Moddom and generally wear a gash of cyclamen lipstick.

Give me the bonhommie of the large department store where they have *acres* of hats, all divided up into small fields of different colors, with sign posts clearly marking the price so that you don't have to pretend it isn't *quite* what you want when you discover it's $5.00 more than you thought. There you can start off in a virtuous sort of way in the $1.98 department and work devilishly up through a whole economic scale to the Salon de Luxe or the Chambre Special, where there is sure to be a good deal of broadloom and your hat is put in a box instead of a paper bag.

Piece of Fluff

Another item of importance to be considered is one's own mood. It's no good going in with fallen arches and one's Housing Survey face to try on a snappy little chapeau. There is something about the more determined Welfare expression—the womb to the tomb type of thing—that is shatteringly unsympathetic to a piece of fluff consisting of three feathers and a wisp of veil.

The environment being pleasant, the salesgirl sympathetic and your own mood harmonious, you can then start out quite happily on your tour of acquisition. The first things you come to are the Beanies, the Jockey Caps and the Pillboxes. These are amusing, but generally so monopolized by the sock and moccasin type of youngster that getting near them at all is painfully reminiscent of a football scrimmage. Next in line are the more sober felts. These you will find are frequented by the even more athletic class of customer with plenty of muscle who dress all the year round as if they were just off to win a golf match.

At this time of year you will more than likely come across a small table marked "Greatly reduced" on which lie dejected little bundles of fur, looking like abandoned household pets. They probably have Christian names, they've been knocking round the place so long. Amongst them there is sure to be a piece of leopard changing its spots, a strip of mink whose mother must have been great friends with a tom cat and a little shabby something, which when placed on the head looks, to quote from Fred Allen, like a Pekinese backing out of the hair.

But to pass on to the more seasonable chapeaux. Straws of every shape, size and color with flowers, feathers, bows and veils, make life a "valley of indecision". Generally speaking the wispier the hat the more expensive it is and one hat, floodlit and alone in a show case, spells trouble for the ordinary budget. In the Chambre Special, or Salon de Luxe, the carpet is plushier, the hats are lushier but the salesgirls are *not* gushier. On the contrary, the higher the price the more bored the assistant; for two pins they'd call you Moddom and you might as well be back in Ye Hattie Shoppie again.

The best thing to do is to make a quick tour of the whole department from Beanies to broadloom, seizing on everything that looks at all likely and betake oneself and one's loot—together with the long-suffering salesgirl—to a chair and a mirror in as remote a corner as possible. It's then just a question of elimination.

Friendly Duel

The salesgirl and you keep up a verbal duel as you put on and take off, but it can be all very friendly and agreeable. You try on an inverted flower pot. "Very chic!" she twirps. "Too much face!" you answer. Next an umbrella. "On you it looks good!" "Too much hat!" you reply. A white lid with mauve flowers. "London violet," she twitters. "Pittsburg purple!" you contradict. A bunch of lilies on a band of black velvet. "It's cute!" she cries. "Like a corpse!" you add. And so on, to quote from the New Yorker, down to the semi-finals.

It is unfortunate if, when you reach the final selection of your Easter Hat in all its glory—some wonderful contraption ranging anywhere from a bird of paradise to an inverted fruit cocktail—you recognize a vaguely familiar shape underneath all the splendor and begin to realize the possibilities of last year's straw stripped of its whatnots and replenished with an assortment from the bulb and bauble department downstairs.

Soften the Blow

The look in the salesgirl's eye when you tell her that after all you think you better let it go, may be a little glassy, but you can always soften the blow by asking her out to have a beer with you, provided the pub hasn't closed or they haven't run out of beer—or alternately, hurry out of the shop before she takes one wild look at your pyramids of discarded hats and goes berserk down an elevator shaft.

CODE OF HONOR

SOME girls' loyalty
Depends
On the honor of
Their sweetheart's friends

But I'll be faithful
I'll be true—
Your friends are in
The army too!

—MAY RICHSTONE.

"I've Come a Long Way"

BY EDWARD F. SHEFFIELD

SHE was a treat to behold—auburn hair, fresh complexion, sparkling blue eyes, modish clothes—a beautiful woman, wholesome and unsophisticated.

After she was seated she said simply, "I would like to go to your school."

"How much schooling have you completed and what studies would you like to take?" I asked.

"Just ordinary school, I guess," she replied, "I only finished sixth grade."

"How old are you?" I asked.

"I'll be twenty-four in December," she answered, and went on, "You see, I've come a thousand miles. . ."

"You're from . . .?"

"From Prince Edward Island. That's about a thousand miles, isn't it?" she asked. "I was going to write to you, but I thought I'd best just come to see you. I've been working and saving since I finished the school in Elmsdale, and now I've had a little bit left to me, so I want to learn all the things I never had a chance to learn. That's why I'm here."

By this time I was beginning to get my wind. It is not often that I meet beautiful young women who pack up, leave the only world they know and, at the age of twenty-three, travel a thousand miles to learn reading, writing and arithmetic.

"I'm afraid there isn't a day school which would suit you," I said, "unless you would be willing to go to classes with young children, and I suppose you'd rather not do that." She looked a little disappointed, but I continued, "We have evening classes for adults, though. Wouldn't it be easier for you to work in the daytime and study in the evening?"

"I am ready to spend all my time studying," she said, "but I guess evening classes will have to do. Can I come every evening? And can I start now?"

"You will come just two evenings a week until you finish grade seven," I replied, "but you will have plenty of homework to do the other evenings. And when you get into high school you will come three evenings a week."

"There ought to be something like this down home," she said. "We never had a chance. They say they need lots more nurses. How will they get them if they don't get a chance to get an education? They ought to have a special class in all the schools for older folks. Do you think I could ever be a teacher?"

Her questions tumbled out, telling the story of blocked lives in small maritime communities — a story which is not hers alone, nor of the people of the Maritimes alone. It applies still to much of rural Canada.

She left me with as much directness as she had come. Her plan was clear—first a permanent boarding house, and then a visit to the National Selective Service office to arrange for a job which would not interfere with her precious studies.

"I start Tuesday at half-past seven?"

"Yes—Tuesday at half-past seven. Come in to see me Thursday and let me know how you got along in your first class."

"Thanks, I will. . . . I'd have been awfully disappointed if you couldn't take me. . ."

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WARTIME GARDENS

Gardens a Stepping Stone to Victory

BY COLLIER STEVENSON

IN HAPPIER years many of us thought of a garden as a decorative home asset or a pleasant place of diversion. Now, however, that we are faced for the first time with a shortage of some of the foods to which we long have been accustomed, gardens take on an entirely new status as a potential source of the vitamins and minerals which nutritional authorities assure us are essential to national health. Today, then, a garden is a stepping stone to Victory.

Fortunately, the vegetables which are so rich in vitamins and minerals can be grown successfully by amateurs in any average garden that is well-drained and sunny through most of the daylight hours. Of course, real success in growing vegetables for home consumption is dependent on more than the character of the chosen plot, something harder to gauge, and that is the persistence and patience of the individual gardener. For worth-while gardens take a lot of time and effort, they demand constant vigilance against domestic animals, drought, insects, weeds and diseases. So, certainly, vegetable growing is something to be looked on as a serious, season-long project, not merely as an outlet for pent-up energy and bubbling enthusiasm in the spring.

ACTUALLY, great care rather than great space is the keynote of success in growing vegetables in a home Victory garden. First of all, there must be care in the preparation of the soil, care in the addition of fertilizer to assure productivity, then care in weeding, watering, thinning out and transplanting as the need for each arises. Yet, in the end, all this involves less effort and proportionately greater returns in a small garden where no space is wasted than does half-way care in a garden which is too large for one person to work efficiently.

It's really a case of that homely old warning, "Don't bite off more than you can chew", being applied to amateur gardening. Last year, for instance, at the rear of a typical suburban garden a plot of ground only 20 by 50 feet was set aside for experimental purposes. In this small space all the fresh vegetables used by a family of five during a harvest season of four months were grown. Yet never was the home-gardener faced with what seemed an over-arduous task, as the garden was scaled to his physical ability and leisure time.

Even if space, time and strength all are limited, a good supply of fresh vegetables, qualifying as "protective foods" rich in vitamins and minerals, can be produced for a family of four on any reasonably fertile plot of even 20 by 30 feet; this, however, probably being the minimum worth considering as a contribution to Victory.

AS TO the vegetables which are relatively easy to grow, commendable as to food value and suited to small-scale gardening, Swiss chard and New Zealand spinach lead off among the greens. Leaf lettuce, green onions, broccoli, stringless green beans, peas, Lima beans, parsley, squash, red peppers and carrots also rank high because of their vitamin content. Tomatoes, of course, must be included in every garden list, as they are one of the most valuable of all protective foods, palatable, nutritious and assimable, whether served raw, as juice or cooked.

As a rule, it is preferable to grow relatively small amounts of a number of vegetables than to concentrate too heavily on a few, which being over-produced would soon become monotonous on the family diet. One advantage of a home garden, indeed, is the opportunity it affords for changes of diet by the addition of some of the newer vegetables, of which celtuce and soy beans are especially interesting this season.

The new blackeye soy bean has won the approval of nutritionists because of its high food value, up to 40 per cent protein and 20 per cent fat. Besides its vitamins A, B and G, the soy bean is claimed to be rich in phosphorus, iron and calcium. It can be used either green or dried, and served in many ways. The celtuce is rather unique, for, although it belongs to the lettuce family, it is entirely different both in use and growth. Its mild flavor is an agreeable blending that suggests asparagus, summer squash, lettuce, celery and broccoli. Celtuce, incidentally, may be used in the form of either salads or greens.

A tall picket fence separates this well-planned vegetable plot from the balance of the garden and affords protection from marauding animals.

Speaking of gardening, in Britain Mrs. E. Cox, 83, oldest registered fire-guard, uses her garden hose as part of her stirrup pump equipment.

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RATION NEWS

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Butter coupons Nos. 1, 2, and 3, are now good. Coupon No. 4 becomes good April 3rd and No. 5 becomes good April 10th. All of these coupons expire April 30th.

Correction

Sugar For Canning

An error was made in last week's "Ration News" in the instructions for filling out Application for Canning Sugar. It should have read:

"Fill in your Application as a housewife for all members of your household (on your own card), state the number of persons for whom you are applying, *including yourself in this number*. The blank cards of each member of your household, bearing only the serial numbers, should then be attached to your card and forwarded to your Local Ration Board immediately."

Don't wait till the last day (April 15th) to send in your Application for Canning Sugar to your Local Ration Board. Study the Application Form in No. 2 Ration Book thoroughly so that it will be made out correctly. Attach the Application Forms from the Ration Books of the other persons you will be feeding in your household. Only copy the serial number from the front of their Ration Books on to their Application Forms and pin them to your own fully completed Application and mail immediately to your Local Ration Board.

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All books mentioned in this issue, if not available at your bookseller's, may be purchased by postal or money order to "Saturday Night Book Service", 73 Richmond Street W., Toronto

A Sports Writer at War

SOUTHWEST PASSAGE, by John Lardner. (Longmans, Green, $4.00.)

THE hysterical fringe of society, pretending to be tough, but secretly sentimental, pretending to be serious about horses and hockey, baseball and "rass'lin'" but really humorous and happy-go-lucky, is squired and policed by the Sports writers. They're a knowing lot devoted at once to poker and Eugene O'Neill, to hot dogs and caviar. They write uncommonly well in a slang that's close to poetry, and every now and then one of them pops up as a literary artist of the first rank. He forgets all the worn-out metaphors and tropes, with which the academic writer drapes himself, and invents new ones as he goes along. He has an inner understanding of the human comedy and tragedy. Such a writer was the late Ring Lardner whose humorous cynicism never fully concealed his pity.

His son John, naturally enough, is a Sports writer, a specialist on pugilism and Mike Jacobs, with sidewise opinions on the Dodgers and the next good thing at Belmont. He is not yet a literary giant, but he may be on the road, for any man who can say that in Los Angeles "they throw a murder back if it isn't grotesque enough, like killing your niece with fish-hooks in a vat of prune-juice" certainly has a strain of originality.

It was "an idea," all right, to send him to the South Pacific as a war-correspondent with the first convoy of American soldiers. He had a "background" on fighting, acquired at Madison Square Garden, an uninhibited point-of-view and an appreciation of high merit. Of one of his fellow-correspondents, Al Raymond, he writes: "He thought Veronica Lake was a pellucid sheet of water in the hills near Banff. But he was very handy with all the classics of literature from Herodotus on. He was Dr. Eliot's five-foot shelf with the curse off, and knew the complete words of 'Frankie and Johnny' and 'Casey at the Bat' to boot."

He is not backward in describing the first awkward efforts of war-making by the Americans and the swiftness of their learning from experience and his description of the personality and tastes of the Australian people is delightful. In the form of straight entertainment the book tells a lot of wholesome truths, particularly about the inadvisability of patronizing the Australians or telling them that America "has come to save them." One private who expressed that opinion was answered by "Oh, is that why you came. I thought you were a fugitive from Pearl Harbor." A gay but informing book.

The Giant of the Gold-Rush

KLONDIKE MIKE, by Merrill Denison. (McClelland & Stewart, $4.00.)

LEGENDARY figures appear in all folk-lore. Each country has its Brian Boru or its Till Eulenspiegel or its King Arthur or its Roland. Canada has Paul Bunyan the lumberman, who, with one hand, could snatch from its roots a sizeable tree, or strangle a wolf with his finger and thumb. Probably there was an original, an extra strong axe-man or river-driver. Men talked about him in the shanties and the stories grew and grew as the romantic imaginings of the story-tellers had free course and were glorified. And to-day Paul Bunyan, fifty feet tall, strides through the forest as a prince of giants.

Merrill Denison has caught another figure on the way to the kingdom of legend, Klondike Mike, and has set down in workmanlike prose the life story of the big Irish boy from Buckingham on the Ottawa River. Before he was twenty years old he was known in a hundred communities across the continent as the best high-kicker, the best rough-and-tumble fighter and the most tremendous worker in any company. Yet he was mild as new-laid milk (save in his swearing), drank cream-soda at the bar and never smoked.

He was at Skagway in 1897, strolled over the White Pass as an ordinary man might wander across a five-acre cow pasture, built boats at Lake Bennett in a fury of energy, and so came to Dawson City, not as a miner, but as a worker in less hazardous fields. So he assembled a dog-team and began freighting, doing long journeys in mid-winter in record times, overcoming handicaps that made him a miracle man, fighting when necessary with the power and agility of three men in one.

And whatever he did was embroidered by romantic souls in the cabins and bar-rooms, and above all by the reporters of Seattle, for he had found that when he told the bald truth about some exploit the hearers were disappointed. Raw beef was not enough for these hearers, they wanted bloody bones as well. So he didn't contradict too much. If he carried on his back to the peak of Chilcoot Pass a small upright piano which weighed perhaps four hundred pounds, the bug-eyed public insisted that it was a concert-grand weighing a ton or so.

Even when he admitted that he might have known Dangerous Dan McGrew or the cremated Sam McGee, the public knew that they were bosom friends of his—even when Bob Service from southern France declared that they were wholly imaginary personages. Nobody believed Service. People prefer their illusions to facts. Merrill's elfin humor is perfectly satisfied by this oddity of the human animal and in defining it he surely "goes to town."

Klondike Mike is Michael Ambrose Mahoney, a wealthy business man in Ottawa, now in his mid-sixties who ran into Merrill at Bon Echo and fascinated him by his reminiscences of the Northern gold-rush. For ten years the author hovered over Michael, getting new stories and checking them from other sources until he had the complete life-tale of a shining, even blazing, personality.

Then he sat down at his typewriter and by the powers he has made *a book* that will keep anybody on the edge of his chair for hours.

Mother of Napoleon

GOOD BYE, MY SON, by Marjorie Coryn. (Ryerson, $3.25.)

OF THE making of many books about Napoleon there is no end. Conqueror, law-giver, manager of men, cynic, each phase of his personality has been unveiled. His campaigns have been followed from day to day by painstaking soldiers and historians until endless shelves of printed matter are full. Yet here is another book in a new vein, dealing with Napoleon as a son. The heroine is Letizia Ramolino, wife of Carlo Bonaparte a Corsican patriot, the associate of General Paoli who dazzled London society, particularly James Boswell, not yet attached to Dr. Johnson.

Eight children she bore and reared during the island's period of hysteria which ended with the French occupation. Calm she was, and thrifty and "pestered with sense," afflicted with tiresome relatives, endangered many times by her mercurial neighbors, and eternally puzzled by the iron resolution of her second son.

For he was the ugly duckling of the family, arrogating to himself the leadership which of right should have belonged to Joseph, his elder brother. He dominated all his brothers and sisters but he never dominated her and in his letters and conversations again and again he paid tribute to her steadiness of vision, her depth of affection. He wrote on one occasion "Take care of yourself, Mother, for without you there would be nobody in the world with any authority over me."

Knowing the period to the last date and to the lowliest lackey at the Tuileries, knowing Corsica and its people, Vienna and Paris, Miss Coryn proves in this book that she knows humanity. Her descriptions of the Bonaparte tribe, pinchbeck kings and princesses, owing everything to Napoleon yet consumed with jealousy and vanity, are devastating. Above them all like a strong tower rises the mother. Her dignity never fails, her resolution never crumbles.

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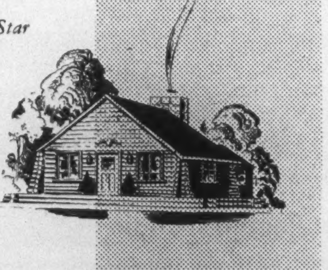
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Familiar Works in Many Forms

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

THERE have been many concerts of late, but in most instances they have been devoted to the performance of familiar works; for in the case of music, familiarity does not breed contempt. Last week the Toronto Symphony Orchestra ended its immensely popular series for music-lovers in secondary schools, with a program of classics all considerably more than a hundred years old—Bach, Handel, Haydn, Beethoven and Schubert. The young folks were just as enthusiastic as they were at a program of works confined exclusively to the present century a month previously.

In listening to Ettore Mazzoleni's interpretations of well known classics it occurred to me that for about 2,000 of those in the audience, boys and girls in their mid 'teens, these works were perhaps as novel as though composed within the past ten years. A haunting masterpiece like the Schubert Unfinished Symphony is re-born for a new flock of music-lovers every five years. The most famous of all symphonies, Beethoven's Fifth, must have been ninety years old when I first heard it, but that did not alter the fact that for me it was a glorious and enchanting novelty. Thus the youth of a beautiful composition is forever being renewed.

Mr. Mazzoleni could hardly have selected a program better calculated to reveal the inspiration of dead composers, though in some instances the works were the better because enriched with the resources of the modern orchestra. He himself is a conductor gifted with insight that enables him to bring forth the inner significance of any work he interprets. Sir Hamilton Harty's Suite from Handel's "Water Music" was unfolded with grace and elegance. Nor could one have a better example of what the modern orchestra can do for old music than Mr. Mazzoleni's own magnificent transcription of Bach's Passacaglia and Fugue in C minor, in which the grandeur of the original is augmented, not diminished. When some of us were young Bach was treated in such a wooden, academic way that he was a bore, but in bringing out his human dramatic qualities, modern interpreters have made him "popular" in the best sense of that term.

The Schubert Unfinished Symphony and the Haydn Serenade for Strings are so imperishable, that in the course of years they have survived much rough treatment. When played as they were under Mr. Mazzoleni they cast a spell.

Reginald Godden's performance of the Beethoven Piano Concerto, No. 3, in C minor, was not only warm, brilliant and beautiful, but historically significant. It is the first composition in which Beethoven attained complete self-realization. Most of his work at the same period, (circa 1800) is described as "imitative" (of Mozart and Haydn), but this particular Concerto, in its vigor, lyricism and emotional urge, is truly individual. Mr. Godden's touch in the perfectly formed Largo, and his power, clarity and speed in more strenuous episodes, made the whole interpretation captivating.

Pianists En Masse

One has frequently written in the past of the army of gifted pianists which Canada possesses. Last week when Mona Bates' "Musical Manifesto" group gave another Ten-Piano recital at Massey Hall, fourteen participated, and but for illness there would have been two more. By occasional re-grouping every pianist was heard, but for every number there were always four standbys. It was something like a hockey match where there are always extra players ready to go on the ice. Among the performers were some widely known concert soloists, and the remarkable directive skill of Mona Bates was demonstrated in efficient team-work whereby individual talents were subordinated to the general effect. Her force and fervor are in reverse proportion to her diminutive physique.

The total of numbers played was large, but none was lengthy and they were so well contrasted that interest never lagged. In certain unison passages the uniform beauty of touch was appealing. Care in rehearsing was revealed not only in the shading, and intimate response in passage work, but the precision of certain bravura episodes, like the Falla "Ritual Fire Dance," when all ten performers attacked on the split second. At this late date it is unnecessary to say that under Miss Bates' adept conducting ten pianos are not merely a big noise. Tonal quality is a first consideration, but the pianists certainly created a thrill when they cut loose like a single performer in the closing passages of Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2.

The Art of John Goss

While the English baritone, John Goss, has not been so superbly endowed by nature with a voice of stirring timbre, his art as a song interpreter is so fine and imaginative that to the discriminating his recitals are a joy. The listener may be sure of hearing precious lyrics, neglected by singers more widely publicized. This no doubt is a result of having devoted his life to song interpretation though not long since he played Franz Schubert for a week in a production of "Blossom Time" in Vancouver. At his recital in Toronto last week with the best of co-operation from Gwendolyn Williams, pianist, he revived three songs by Haydn and five by Beethoven. They included the former's "English Sailor's Song" and the latter's solemn "In questa tomba oscura" and charming "May Song." All were sung with distinguished expression. His finesse in French lyrics was demonstrated in three Debussy Chansons and several racy folk songs. Russia was represented by a Moussorgsky group in which the singer was particularly dashing in the familiar Hopak. Another memorable group was a series of settings of four early English lyrics by Arthur Benjamin, exquisite in style and feeling.

Isabel Oxner, a young Nova Scotia soprano whose voice and distinction of style impressed many when she sang at a Conservatory closing concert in Massey Hall last week, has been making a fortnight's tour of the Maritimes. She sang at Mount Allison University, Acadia University, and under the auspices of musical clubs in Halifax, Liverpool, Lunenburg and other centres. Her accompanist on tour was Edith Foot of Toronto.

New Willan Work

During recent years young pianists in many musical centres have been saying to each other "Let's start a two-piano team" as casually as though all it meant was sitting down to play a piano duet at an evening party. But they find out that there is no more exacting form of musical activity; demanding ceaseless practice and intimate grasp of each other's aptitudes and temperaments. It is a field in which many are called but few are chosen; and among the chosen few is assuredly the Canadian ensemble, Scott Malcolm and Reginald Godden. With them sincerity, fine artistic intuitions, and constant labor have brought a lustrous unity of expression, demonstrated in the recent recital at Eaton Auditorium.

Their program was impressive in quality, and interest was naturally focussed on a new work by Dr. Healey Willan, "Variations and Epilogue on a Theme". The theme is austere in suggestion and the variations marked by quasi-tragic dignity and profound emotion. The Epilogue is stormy and dramatic. Dr. Willan began the work as early as 1915, laid it aside, and took it up again last year. It is thus the product of emotions born in two great wars, and martial feeling reveals itself. The composer could hardly have asked a more discerning rendering. Nothing on the program gave me more personal delight than a haunting poetic interpretation of one of the Celtic pieces of Arnold Bax, the Irish tone-poem "Moy Mell".

Montreal Festivals

The Montreal Festivals this year will be on a more spectacular scale than ever, and will involve the services of three famous conductors. The initial event will be the first performance in Montreal of Shostakovich's Seventh (Leningrad) Symphony by an orchestra of 104 under Leopold Stokowski. It will be given in the Forum, a large auditorium. A novel event will be Bach's "St. Matthew Passion" in the form of music-drama, at L'Ermitage, April 19 and 20, under the direction of Wilfrid Pelletier, with principals from the Metropolitan Opera House, and the Elgar Choir, trained by B. E. Chadwick. Dr. Herbert Graf, stage director of the Metropolitan, will supervise the dramatic side of the presentation and special scenery is being designed by Richard Rychtarik. On a date in May yet to be fixed Sir Thomas Beecham will direct a production of Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro" with principals from the Metropolitan. There will be minor events also.

Requiem Recollections

An old friend, Dalton Baker of Vancouver, thirty years ago a leading festival baritone in England, was prompted by a recent article on this page anent Verdi's "Manzoni Requiem" to write me a reminiscent letter. "Your remarks," he says, "reminded me of a performance in which I took part at the Gloucester Festival in 1913. The soprano was a Finnish lass named Aino Ackté. She had made a great hit as *Salome* and the pictures of her in that role (neatly attired in a couple of saucepan lids and a string of beads), which were displayed in all the shop windows before the Festival, caused considerable stir among the clergy, who seemed to think she would wear the same dress for the Requiem! Instead she was garbed in a flaming red dress of accordion-pleated chiffon! However this is all beside the point. What I do recall most vividly is that she was of the *molto rubato* school. She sang everything in 5, 7 or 9 to a measure, never by any chance 3 or 4. You can imagine that John Coates (the tenor) and I perspired pretty freely in the concerted music, trying to guess where she would leap next. Brewer (Alfred Herbert Brewer, Gloucester Festival conductor) mixed his sweat with tears, and told me he wouldn't try that again for a thousand pounds.

"I also remember a performance in Preston with Bairstow (E. C. Bairstow of York Minster) conducting, in which the trumpets in the *Dies Irae* were 'off' in three directions,—off the stage, off the pitch, and off the beat. Hell was vividly depicted that night!"

The Army Show

"The Army Show" had its formal opening at the Victoria Theatre last night and promises to be spirited and even notable entertainment with Jack Arthur as producer, the only civilian of the company. A review of the show will appear in next week's issue.

It is a "musical" with sixteen scenes, supported by an orchestra of forty pieces under Captain Geoffrey Waddington. Most of the songs, words and music, have been specially written for the occasion and the average of comedy talent is said to be high.

The People's Choice

The Toronto Symphony Orchestra ended its 1942-3 subscription season with a Request Program based on ballots made available at a previous concert. The numbers were all very familiar to the orchestra, and the renderings splendid in every sense. Ballots filed numbered about 700 and the management decided to name all compositions which received more than 30 votes. Beethoven's C minor Symphony with a score of 121 headed the poll by a substantial majority. Other symphonies were Cesar Franck in D minor, 94; Dvorak, "New World", 73; Tschaikowsky, Fifth, 69; Shostakovich, Fifth, 61; Schubert, Unfinished, 58; Beethoven, Seventh, 47; Vaughan Williams, London Symphony, 43; Prokofieff, Classical Symphony, 42.

Tschaikowsky's "Pathetique", which has sometimes beaten the Beethoven Fifth in previous polls, obtained less than 30 supporters. The reason no doubt was that it has been performed locally several times within the past year or so, notably by the Minneapolis Orchestra. It was also surprising to find Shostakovich's Fifth running ahead of very beautiful works by Beethoven and Schubert.

Among overtures, Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Russian Easter" polled 105 votes with Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet", 90, as nearest competitor. Among miscellaneous works, Enesco's First Roumanian Rhapsody, 103 votes, had a long lead over its nearest rival, Weinberger's "Schwanda", 73.

Enemy loss, Allied gain is this captured German Heinkel 111, now bearing RAF roundels instead of the swastika. It was taken in Tripolitania.

Records

BY KARI ANDERSON

Columbia's set D101 (8 sides, 12 inch) is recording some of the most famous singers of *Show Boat* songs. Victor Young and his orchestra open with *Ol' Man River*, Helen Morgan sings *Bill* and *Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man*, James Melton sings *You Are Love* and *Make Believe*, Countess Albani and Frank Munn sing *Why Do I Love You*, and the orchestra closes with the *Showboat Finale*. It's a performance that will conjure up, for those who saw it, the image of the original performance. All Jerome Kern fans will want it.

For your collection of vocal recordings, Columbia has an album of Roland Hayes (D91, 10 sides, 10 inch, automatic). This popular negro tenor has chosen an interesting program including *Maledetto* from "Scherzi Musicali" by Monteverdi and *Eviva Rosa Bella* from "La Calamita di Cuori" by Galuppi; *Lungi Da Te* by Bononcini; *Adelaide* by Beethoven (2 sides); *L'Amour de Mai*, a 13th century French chanson; *Le Rêve* from "Manon" by Massenet; *It Was A Lover and His Lass*, Roger Quilter's setting of the Shakespeare song from "As You Like It"; *Bist Du Bei Mir* by J. S. Bach; *Crucifixion* (He Never Said a Mumberlin' Word), unaccompanied spiritual; *Roun' 'Bout de Mountain*, spiritual arranged by R. P. Parkham. Reginald Boardman plays the accompaniments. Hayes is not a great tenor, and there are times when his voice is breathy and lacking in richness. On the whole, however, this is a worthwhile set to have. As we should expect, the spirituals are especially good.

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THE FILM PARADE

School of Misbehaviorism

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

"HITLER'S CHILDREN" attempts to deal, in an hour and a half, with the entire Nazi educational curriculum, from the pre-natal period to graduation. This isn't quite long enough for coverage—though there were moments when it seemed altogether too long for comfort or even, in the end, effectiveness.

You can stand just so much atrocity in one sitting. After that you begin to react in the wrong way. You develop insensitivity to protect yourself, or, worse still, you find yourself relishing the horror for its own sake. Isn't it possible, one wonders, to drive a lesson home without at the same time hammering the audience into stupefaction? And how far can the propagandists go in revealing brutality without brutalizing the people they have set out to enlighten?

Briefly, this is the story of a German-born American girl (Bonita Granville) who is picked up by the Nazis and sent to a Youth Labor Camp. Here she proves so intractable that they decide to send her to the Frauenklinik, for the sterilization of the unfit and recalcitrant. When she attempts to escape she is brought back and publicly flogged. In the end both she and her Nazi lover (Tim Holt) are shot by the Gestapo.

"Hitler's Children" is fiction, based on the documentary material supplied in the best-selling "Education for Death". And certainly there is enough evidence against the Nazi Misbehaviorist School to make the story at least potentially true. But while the story itself needed to be told, the shock-technique employed here serves very little purpose except the purpose of sensationalism. A sober factual inescapable film such as "Food, Weapon of Conquest" has the propagandist value of a dozen "Hitler's Children".

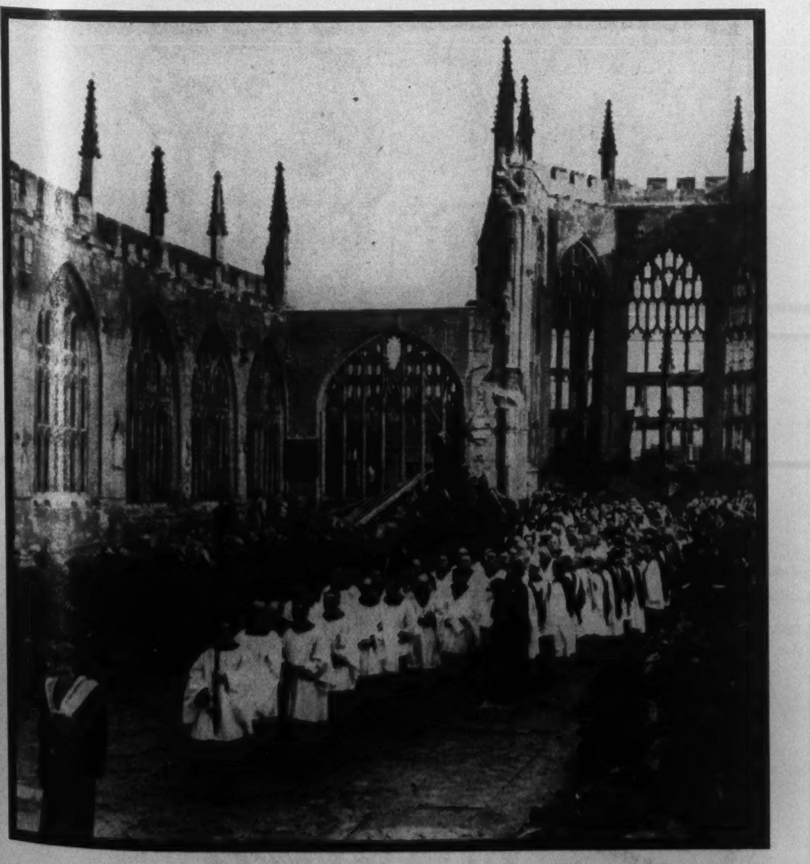
There is something perverse and a little frightening in the tendency to turn horror and sadism to the ends of "entertainment". Certainly there was enough shock in the single glassy view of the operating room in the Frauenklinik. We didn't need the extra stimulus of watching Miss Bonita Granville lashed to the whipping post and publicly flogged after her blouse had been torn from her back. If this is propaganda it fails because it insensitizes us in the end to the idea of atrocity. And if it is entertainment then let's get back as soon as possible to the innocent clockwork nightmares of Frankenstein.

FOR weeks now I've been going about vaguely depressed, whenever I happened to think about it, by the knowledge that one of these days I would certainly have to get round to seeing Tyrone Power in "The Black Swan". As it turned out however I had been borrowing trouble. "The Black Swan" was sort of fun; at any rate as much fun as a rather rough game of parlor charades.

Just to give you an idea—Jamie-Boy (Tyrone Power) is a part-time pirate working the Caribbean. One day in a business foray on Jamaica he meets the Governor's haughty daughter Lady Margaret (Maureen O'Hara). Jamie-Boy kisses Lady Margaret and when she bites him in return, he slaps her unconscious, heaves her on his shoulder and then, thinking better of it, drops her bang on the floor. This is only the beginning of their courtship however. Later when Jamie-Boy reforms and tries to make polite love to Lady Margaret she knocks him cold by hitting him on the head with a rock. Jamie-Boy retorts by trussing her up and carrying her off, gagged and kicking for a Caribbean cruise.

All this dalliance is a great source of distress to Jamie-Boy's honest shipmate (Thomas Mitchell) who grumbles that after all she is no better looking than half a dozen girls in Jamaica. This is absurd, of course, since Miss O'Hara is better looking than all the girls in Jamaica and all the girls in Hollywood besides. In fact most of my fatuous enjoyment in "The Black Swan" was in watching Miss O'Hara in her wonderful Eighteenth Century Caribbean resort clothes and later in her pure white petticoat aboard the pirate craft of Captain Leech.

Captain Leech was quite a boy too. He was George Sanders, whose valuable sneer was completely smothered under a conflagration of blazing whiskers. In spite of the whiskers Captain Leech was able to make his intentions clear, especially as regarded Lady Margaret. So what with saving the ships and treasure from the pirates and the Governor's reputation from his detractors and Lady Margaret from Captain Leech, Jamie-Boy was about the busiest executive in the Caribbeans. "The Black Swan" is all in technicolor, very gorgeous, and the big sailing vessels that come billowing across the Caribbean are even handsomer, if possible, than the principals themselves.



With roof gone, its walls in places crumbling and its windows open to wind and rain, Coventry Cathedral last month saw enthronement of its new bishop, the Right Rev. Neville Vincent Gorton. Shown here is part of the installation procession on its way through the bombed edifice.

. . . So Nice to Come Home to!

It's such a grand feeling to get out of your hardworking canteen clothes, your Red Cross uniform or your efficient business suit, into one of these softly pretty housecoats! These two from Simpson's Spring group have the styling of dinner-at-home dresses, which heightens their charm and makes you look so lovely to eyes that so seldom see women in anything but businesslike clothes these demanding days.

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DRESSING TABLE

Studying the Overhead

BY ISABEL MORGAN

DON'T look now, but this is the season when there surges in every woman passing a window-full of hats a wild desire to drop the old winter felt into the nearest trash can. At the drop of a hat, so to speak, she's ready to go on a hat binge from which she may emerge a sadder, though not necessarily wiser, woman than she was before her feelings got the better of her.

Unless you haven't any objections to being stuck with something in the hat line that, later, makes you cringe and take to unfrequented alleys and byways every time you go out with it on, better draw up a plan of campaign. It's the only way you can hope to be successful in finding —not A Hat but—The Hat.

Spring Tonic

One school of thought maintains the best way to locate this treasure is to look your worst—the theory being that if it looks half-way passable then it will be a knockout when you are at your best. This is a gloomy negative view carefully designed to take all the fun out of buying a hat. We suspect it to be fostered by an under-cover gang of husbands whose mothers were frightened by a millinery bill just before they came into the world.

As any woman knows, a Spring hat is a sort of super vitamin tablet that packs a greater psychological wallop than anything ever dreamed of by the sulphur-and-molasses brigade. Let your hat be something that will challenge you to live up to it as long as it is worn.

So don't go about trying on hats—and the salespeople's patience—with hair that looks as if the robins have been nesting in it. Have a hair-cut, a permanent and a shoot-the-works attitude when a new style of coiffure is suggested. Do a little crafty experimental work with one of the new make-ups that give the complexion a fresh, slightly out-doorish appearance. Heaven knows, you probably won't even then rival Anne Sheridan for looks, but at least you'll look *different*. And that isn't always A Bad Thing.

Now, we can blithely assume you are ready in looks and the correct festive spirit for the adventure of buying The Hat, and here are some thoughts to paste in the old one before it's off with the old and on with the new.

There are no rules for hats. They are not meant to be a lifelong possession, but only a passing adventure, a gay salute to the world. Wear a hat that "does something for you." Let it give wings to your imagination, spirit, tickle your funny bone. Never wear hats that make you appear militant, practical, indifferent, discouraged, apologetic, too refined or safe. Don't be fearful of any color except black, brown or navy blue.

Haven't you noticed that women who have a reputation for hats that are interesting and smart—perhaps even a little cockeyed—are themselves interesting?

Framed

It's fatal to judge a hat by how it looks in a mirror that frames only it and the face and shoulders. Stand up before a full-length mirror and see what happens then. The wide brim that looked wonderful in the head and shoulders view may make you look like Mrs. Five-by-Five when you get the full impact of it drooping over a short-ish figure. Or a tall quill that shoots like a gay shaft out of the top of another hat may look like something else again the first time you see yourself from head to heels.

A hat that, like the greenwood tree, just spreads out and covers you serves no purpose other than keeping the rain off. Too much hat is ageing and dowdy, lacks imagination. It is better to have too skimpy a crown than too much of one.

Watch how the line of a hat or its trimming is placed to lend accent, and learn to know the basic line that does most for you. A little practice and you'll be able to recognize "your" hat immediately at fifty paces. Those who are ready to admit their ineptness in such matters will do well to find a saleswoman who really knows hats. They should cling to this treasure through fair weather and foul, for she's their life raft.

Drawing a Veil

Glasses need not be a handicap. Ignore their presence and so will others. Nor is your choice of hats limited to those with brims. Wear eye make-up and play the field when hat hunting. You can wear turbans if you avoid a line that rises abruptly from the face, or the hat with a dashing one-sided line that has action, pulled on at a rakish angle, down over one eye. Never, never wear a brim at a straight horizontal angle for, combined with glasses, it creates the prim, staid impression of a Helen Hokinson character.

Veils—ah! Wear them with an air, or not at all. They are not intended to hold the hat on or keep the hair in place. Come to think of it, they do not serve any practical purpose. And that is why they can be so seductively charming—or so utterly wrong. They are a provocative, feminine accent and if you don't believe this, don't wear them. They are marvellously kind to the complexion, particularly those in tints of soft blue and pink and the deeper tones of purple, wine or black. Choose these tints rather than gray, brown or beige.

Millinery has taken to color in a big way, purple through to mauve and soft dusty rose to fuchsia tones being the pre-Easter choice. With a vision of the varied hair styles prevailing millinery designers have created hats that will look as smart—or as saucy—if worn over the eyebrow, straight on, or on the back of the head.

Sailors and Muffins

Sailors, smaller and gayer than ever, have double edges filled with ruching and sometimes a whole flower garden sitting atop the crown. Pompadour and muffin shapes share with the sailor the number of ways they may be worn. Exceptionally flattering are this season's styles for the mature woman. Flowers play a big part but plainer styles are to be had in great variety. Smartness and dignity are combined as never before.

So—here's your hat. What's your hurry?

Little hat for big moments. Two soft blue ostrich plumes gently curl down over the forehead. Black tulle veil, worn harem fashion over the lower part of the face, is decorated with a cheeky sparkling black sequin heart.

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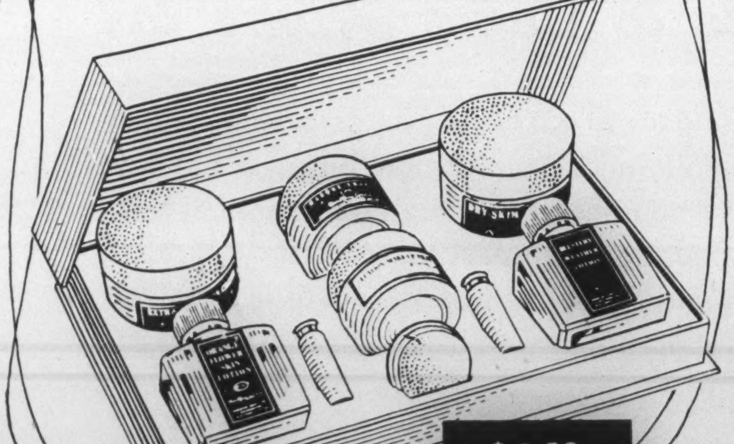

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FEMININE OUTLOOK

Gardening as a Sport

BY ELIZABETH WENTWORTH

LIKE hundreds of other patriots, you may make the mistake of thinking you will be a good Victory gardener because you own a piece of land, a set of garden tools, and a set of illusions. Keep the land and the tools, but trade in the illusions for a spot of horse sense. Horse sense calculated to soothe aching muscles and flagging morale next month.

First of all, there's a positive technique to gardening, just as there is to golf or tennis or skiing or any sport. You wouldn't call yourself even a passable golfer unless you had mastered the position of your hands, acquired the right stance, learned the "follow through," would you? You can't play an acceptable game of golf if you haven't "form," and the same holds true of gardening.

Take hoeing. It's a lot of fun—believe it or not—when you know *how*. And "form" in digging will produce surprising results—and with the minimum of exertion.

Fore!

Get the rhythm of your scythe, and you'll experience the self-same thrill that came with your first clean drive, straight from the tee!

Our last year's attempts at Victory gardening brought home sharply the fact that our meagre talent for agriculture would never stand up under the strain of a real garden. Two hours hoeing and we were licked, while some antique dirt farmer with one lung could stick it out for hours without a sign of fatigue. What we lacked—and it came to us with the soothing touch of a blackjack—was the knowledge of how to handle our tools properly!

We were lucky enough to meet up with a farmer—a very keen fellow—who seemed to understand just what was on our minds. Here is his advice:

If possible, learn to be ambidextrous in the use of garden tools, and he means just that. It shifts the strain, and you can work literally twice as long.

A Spade's a Spade

Then our nice farmer proceeded to destroy one of our best illusions: the spade. We always had a fondness for a spade, but he declared that in his opinion, a shovel—a spit shovel no less—was a better instrument for digging than the good old spade. This is why: it takes three times as much strength to use a spade as a shovel. With a spade, the amateur must first break down the corners of his trench, and then give it all he has in order to thrust the spade into the ground. Now the "spit" number is heart-shaped and pointed, and its curve takes care of the corners. Be sure to grasp the handle about midway down with your right hand, while the left grips the upper end of the shovel with the thumb and forefinger. Never use the palm of your hand. Now put the shovel into the ground with your right foot on the right side of the blade; now bear down with the dead weight of your body. Shovel the soil and turn. Your head and arms keep the tool in line, and the lifting is taken care of by the proper use of your weight.

Remember that a farmer is relaxed when he goes into action, and once he sets his pace, he can keep up his activity for eight to 10 hours without injuring himself. It's dead weight that counts in digging; it's weight that loosens the earth, your arm muscles only lift it.

Good Form

If you will use a spade, set it down vertically with your foot, putting pressure on the right side; then bear down with your weight precisely as you would with the shovel. Keep your hands in line. If the ground is hard, tip it first to the right and then to the left, so that first one corner breaks and then the other. Lift and turn, keeping soil parallel to the trench.

Now for the hoe: Stand erect, please, no bending or stooping! Your right hand must grip the end of the handle and pull. Your left hand lets the hoe slip easily through your fingers. The blade should be at an angle of 45 degrees and cut into the soil about half an inch deep. Don't feel that you must *dig* with the hoe, it's not necessary. Hoeing is a pleasant, easy motion, done the right way, and the dividends from a well cultivated garden are constant and plentiful, and not taxable either.

Tall grass is constantly sneaking up on all four sides of the garden and threatening neat rows of vegetables. It must obviously be cut. The sickle is an indispensable instrument, but it can be difficult and even dangerous if carelessly used. The best results, of course, come with practice. But even practice will not give you the rhythmic swing of a sickle, if you have not first mastered the art of holding it the right way.

Trust a sickle to give you a new kind of exercise. This is what you do: Take a squatting position and cut *out* not *toward* your body. It's a sharp, tricky instrument and can do you wrong if you don't respect it.

If you will apply the above simple remedies to your garden troubles, your enthusiasm will be speedily renewed. And in conclusion we should like to throw in a few "musts" for tyro gardeners:

All tools must be kept not only sharp, but clean. Never leave dirt clinging to shovels, hoes, trowels, etc. Don't use your implements like spoons; it insults them. Always work in close to your body, and we say it again: try to be ambidextrous, it changes the "rub." Wear gloves, please, at all times.

You can't achieve a true "Victory garden" by means of fumbled tools and aching muscles. Conquer your implements and acquire that skill which is the prime objective in Canada's agricultural drive. Learn the right way, *now*, so that by May you will be putting into practice the technique that makes of gardening a "sport."

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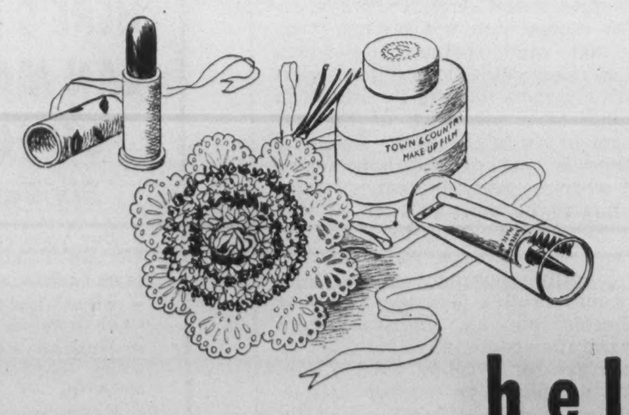

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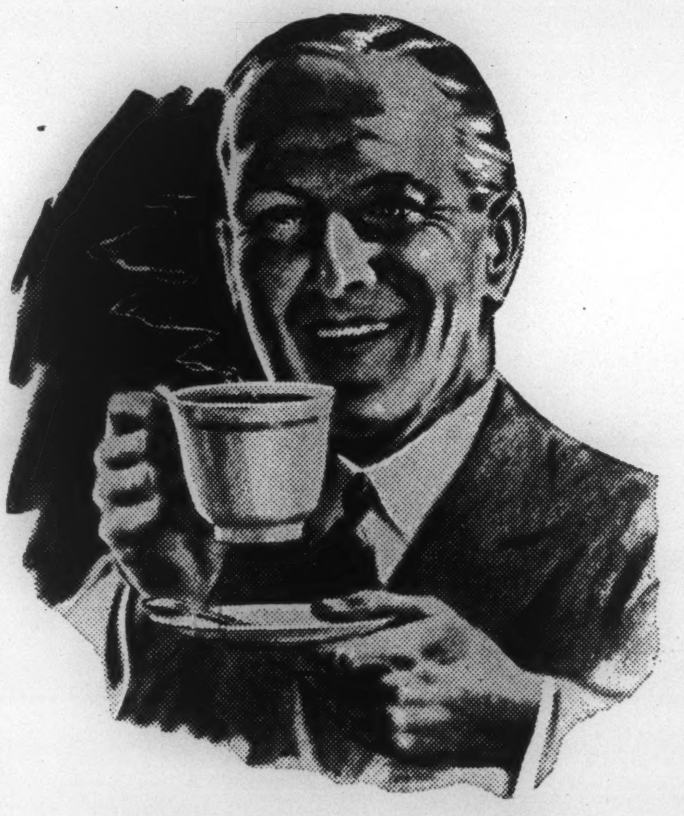

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CONCERNING FOOD

"If It Wasn't for the War"

BY JANET MARCH

SOMEBODY said the other day, "I'd like this war if it wasn't for the war," and then went on to elaborate on all the sensible results of the many simplifications and economies. It has always been important, that people be aware of what they should eat, but it has seemed necessary to devastate half the world before we came to and realized that meat, milk and vegetables were necessary for a healthy race. As well put poor motor oil in a valuable car as trust the body to do a good job on a piece of pie, a slab of cake and a cup of coffee. Now, when you sway in the street car suspended by one arm you read about those three vegetables a day, your citrus fruit and all.

Good housekeepers knew these simple facts of life. If their families didn't like milk as a plain drink they tricked them with soups, creamed vegetables and milk puddings. They knew how to get eggs and vegetables down unwilling throats, but no one can tell them how to do magic the morning the meat counter is empty.

To help us out in these difficult times the Dominion Department of Agriculture, Consumer Section, has got out a very good leaflet called "Foods for Home Defence". It is only nine mimeographed pages, but it includes a week's menus and much useful advice and information. On the last page is a sample shopping list for a family of two adults and two children for a week, and underneath is a list of other publications available. These include "Canadian Vegetables," "Canning Fruits and Vegetables," "Apples," "Salads," and others. If you would like copies of any of these, or of the pamphlet "Foods for Home Defence," write to the Publicity Extension Division, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

The pleased smile of Private Samuel Easton of Toronto, batman to Major H. H. King, is indicative of his delight at the prospect of Canadian back bacon for breakfast. The scene is at Selfridge's Stores, London, England.

Economy is a word which turns up continuously and doesn't always apply to money and not buying yourself that mad spring hat,—which may so cheer you that you'll eat stew and raw carrots happily for weeks on end and save the price of the hat and get to see in the dark. Economy of time is one of the housewife's chief worries. Shopping takes longer and has to be done oftener to find what you want. The food you do get sometimes takes more careful and lengthy cooking. Almost any fool could broil a T-bone steak, but shepherd's pie—ah, there's where skill and time come in.

Here are some fairly quickly prepared luncheon or supper dishes which may help a little.

Eggs and Sardines

2 tablespoons of butter
¼ cup of small cubes of bread
1 cup of milk
2 hard boiled chopped eggs
1 tin of sardines chopped
½ teaspoon of salt
Pepper
Paprika

It's nice to be able once again to include modest amounts of butter in our recipes. Melt the butter, add the crumbs and the milk and bring to the boil, then add the eggs and fish and seasonings. Heat thoroughly and serve on toast.

Eggs and Tomatoes

1 cup of canned tomatoes
2 tablespoons of butter
¼ teaspoon of salt
2 eggs
Pepper

Melt the butter, add the tomatoes and bring to the boil. Add the salt and stir till the pulp of the tomatoes is thoroughly broken up. Drop in the eggs and spoon the juice over the tops. Serve on toast as soon as the eggs are set and pour the rest of the sauce over the tops of the eggs.

Scrambled Eggs and Corn

4 tablespoons of shortening
1 tablespoon of minced onion
2 cups of whole corn kernels
1 cup of tomato soup
1 tablespoon of green pepper minced
4 eggs
2 tablespoons of grated cheese
Salt
Pepper
Paprika

Sauté the onion and pepper in the shortening till it is brown. Add the corn and soup and heat. When bubbling add the eggs and seasonings. Stir till it is the desired thickness. Serve on toast.

Figs in Wine

½ pound of dried figs
2 tablespoons of chopped salted almonds
½ cup of white wine
2 tablespoons sugar
1 tablespoon of lemon juice

Soak the figs for about fifteen minutes. Dry them and slit with a sharp knife and stuff with the nuts. Heat the wine, sugar and lemon juice, and when hot add the figs. Cover and let them steam till tender. Serve.

Walnut Omelet

4 eggs well beaten
¼ teaspoon of salt
Pepper
¼ cup of cream
3 tablespoons of butter
⅓ cup of walnuts chopped fine
½ pound of mushrooms sliced thin

Season the beaten eggs and then stir in the cream. Melt the butter and swish around the pan till it is all covered with a thin layer. When the butter foams, pour in the eggs, and lift around the edges so that it doesn't stick. Sprinkle with the nuts when the omelet is half cooked, and fold over. Sauté the sliced mushrooms and pour over the omelet.

CROSSE & BLACKWELL'S WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

It's the most zestful thin sauce you ever tasted, with the simplest, cleverest stopper you ever used.

16

HERE'S HOW YOU CAN MAKE COFFEE GO FURTHER!

Six Easy Ways!

1 Buy your coffee for flavor. Get super-rich Chase & Sanborn Coffee!
2 Always keep coffee in an air-tight container.
3 Measure both water and coffee carefully for desired strength.
4 Keep the coffee-pot scoured clean.
5 Make only exact amount needed—never more.
6 Serve coffee soon after it's made.

SUPER-RICH Chase & Sanborn Coffee brings you the truly choice coffees of the world. Compare it ounce for ounce for flavor! Buy Chase & Sanborn Coffee—quality coffee goes further.

CHASE & SANBORN COFFEE

THE OTHER PAGE

Customer's Comeuppance

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

NOW that it's all over I like to sit down occasionally and go over the days when I was a woman customer and the darling of the retail trade. Nothing was too good for me in those days and nothing was too much trouble. My druggist thought nothing of turning out in the middle of the night to bring me a ten-cent package of cigarettes, and neither hell nor high water could stop my dairy man from delivering right across the city that extra half-pint of cereal cream I had forgotten to order. I remember too that army of young men who stood ready to swarm into my house and polish the floors, vacuum the rugs and even put through the family washing. No extra charge. They only asked a chance to demonstrate their willingness and their wares. Maybe they did seem over-demonstrative at times, but how gladly I would exchange the bleak disorder and silence of the present for the smiles, the service and the passionate volubility of the past.

There was my butcher, Mr. Proctor. He was never more than arm's length away from the telephone for my nine o'clock call. "I've got a nice piece of beef fillet I've been saving for you," he would say. "Or how about a nice loin of pork, not too much fat? Be right down with it." And there it would be within half an hour with a shy gift of parsley or maybe just a homely lump of suet tucked in, no extra charge. No service was too small for Mr. Proctor's loyalty and devotion. "Just send me down a nickel's worth of liver for the cat," I would say some mornings and he would chuckle happily, "A nice piece of liver for kitty. No, no trouble at all. See you get it right away."

I DON'T want to give the impression that I was the sort of woman customer who thought every butcher she dealt with was in love with her. I mean I didn't actually assume that on the mornings when I failed to call up Mr. Proctor hung about the telephone muttering "Oh God, make it ring!" like a character in a Dorothy Parker monologue. I just thought he had me on his mind most of the time and that whenever he was mapping out a particularly well-hung side of beef he naturally assigned the best parts of it to me. All Mr. Proctor's customers felt that way about him, I was to discover. We were living in a fool's paradise and we all fell out of it at the same time—about the time of the second beef shortage when Mr. Proctor took to sending his assistant to the telephone to say there was nothing but macaroni loaf and we'd have to pick it up ourselves as Proctor's had stopped delivery.

I CAN remember too when I had two dairy companies in love with me at the same time, and I'll never forget the scenes when I finally went off with the one that promised more butterfat to the quart. Then there were the two vegetable men who quarreled over me for weeks and fought out the final round on the front porch. There was the window-washer too who turned up hopefully in February and hung about till May waiting for the storm sashes to come down. There was the washing machine salesman who laughed with delight if I gave him a smile and trembled with fear when I criticized belt-driven models. There was the friend who found in her attic an ostrich feather boa, unworn, along with the 1912 salesslip, and took it to the original department store and was given her late great-aunt's refund with hardly any fuss at all. Oh we consumers were the petted darlings in those days.

WE HAD our day and now it's over. But I can't help going back to the old days when that woman in the electrical store would have broken her neck to sell me a double-socket for my baseboard outlet.

As it was, she was sitting at the telephone when I came in and she didn't bother looking up. I waited and after a while I coughed a little but the proprietress only said, shifting a little to get me out of vision, "Oh I don't know, I'm not fussy over that Bridal Wreath pattern. Too common."

I needed the double-socket badly, so I went on waiting, and in the meantime found a radio, hooked it up and turned on a program. The proprietress looked up then. "Will you please turn that off," she said, "I can't hear a word."

I went out then and shut the door, rather hard. But after ten minutes of futile shopping I began to look at the thing more reasonably. After all, maybe she wasn't in the selling mood that day. Probably she had been interrupted all afternoon by a string of customers trying to buy something from her. Maybe if I tried a fresh and more winning approach I could break down her resistance.

So I went back. The proprietress had finished her telephone call and was seated behind the counter. "Well, what was it you wanted?" she said.

"Just an electrical plug," I said, "you know, one of those double socket things you hook into the—"

"I haven't got one," she said, "and please don't bang the door on the way out."

IN THE end I sent another member of the family over for the electrical plug. "And for Heaven's sake be careful," I said. "Don't tell her right away you want to buy something. Just say what a cute little shop she has and how often you've admired it going past—"

He was back within the hour, holding the plug. "How did you ever get it?" I asked. "Hardly any trouble at all," he said, "as a matter of fact she had a whole drawer full of them."

I have told this humiliating little story just to show how after all these haughty years we customers have finally got our comeuppance. Retail trade has the goods on us—whatever goods there are left,—and the only line left to us is the line of conciliation. From now on we must remember that the sales-clerk is always right and that the customer with the smile wins. Ours must be the finer, the riper, the milder approach. It won't get any easier either. Before this is over we may find ourselves paying up in full for goods to be delivered in easy instalments over a generous period. We may even end—who knows?—by offering our theatre managers little gifts of ovenware if they'll only let us in to see their show. It wouldn't surprise me; nothing would surprise me any more.

INFORMATION PLEASE

THE Wartime Information Board
Of knowledge has a perfect hoard.
It tells me all that I don't ask it,
And fills up my waste paper basket.
I wish they'd give this struggling nation
A Board of Peacetime Information,
To send out, as a press release,
Announcement of the time of Peace.

L.V.G.

Ruth Draper as in her character sketch "The Doctor." This famous comedienne is booked for the Royal Alexandra Theatre, for the week April 5.

at EATON'S - COLLEGE STREET

"THRIFT HOUSE"...

THE LITTLE HOUSE WITH BIG IDEAS . . .

The kind of home that reaches right out and shakes your hand . . . that's every homemaker's dream. And in these days, when you can't make a lot of dramatic changes in your decor, it's the little things that bring the sparkling homey look! "Thrift House" teems with such tips . . . such as pictured here in the living room of the mythical Jeffersons' home: panels of glazed chintz are cut out and pasted on the wall beside the fireplace. This and other artful tricks will give you inspiration for your own home.

THRIFT HOUSE — MAIN FLOOR

EATON'S - COLLEGE STREET

BE RARIN' TO GO

TAKE PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA

Tonight

DO you wake up in the morning more tired than when you went to bed? When those *low mornings* come from a sour stomach due to over-indulgence the night before, here's what to do. Try giving that excessive acidity the one-two action of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

ONE—Phillips' Milk of Magnesia is a highly effective alkalizer—quickly settles the upset stomach. TWO—it is also a gentle laxative, promotes mild yet thorough elimination. In short, Phillips' Milk of Magnesia *finishes the job!* An ideal laxative-antacid.

Try this one-two action at bedtime—the next time you eat too much, or you stay up late smoking and drinking—and wake up feeling full of pep. Read the directions on the package of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia and take only as directed thereon or as prescribed by your physician. Available in liquid or tablet form.

ONE-TWO ACTION!

1 NEUTRALIZES EXCESS STOMACH ACIDS—and does it almost quicker than it takes to tell. Rated among the most effective neutralizers of excess stomach acids known. Relieves uneasy feeling of discomfort almost immediately.

2 ACTS AS MILD LAXATIVE. So gentle that it does not upset the system and leave you feeling "all wrung out." Take it any time of the day because it does not act with embarrassing urgency. Many physicians recommend it for young children. There is no better mild laxative.

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA

Only 25c at any drug store

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

Frank X. Jennings

WHEN the curtain finally goes up on the biggest show of the world's greatest struggle, which is to say when the Allies begin the long-awaited invasion of Europe, Canadians at home may confidently expect the most complete news coverage of the part their Army will play that human ingenuity can devise.

This is more than just a promise-of-things-to-come emanating from Ottawa. It is the sum and substance of information lately divulged by one whose position in newspaperdom lends authority to what he says, Gillis Purcell, assistant-general manager of the Canadian Press.

This C.P. executive, back from a trip to the United Kingdom, revealed recently that those in authority look upon the work of obtaining front-line news, its speedy clearance by censors and its prompt despatch to Canadians at home as one of the essential problems of a major operation. Said Mr. Purcell on his return from Britain: "Unquestionably the number of accredited Canadian war correspondents who will want to accompany the Canadian forces will be large. To meet the needs of news associations, newspapers and radio, Canadian representatives will probably number almost a score.

"To handle such a large force of war correspondents in the field is a major problem, requiring a strong staff of public relations officers. These are being provided—and they are being selected from experienced radio and newspaper men. Even their jeep-drivers will be chosen from army men who have had news handling experience."

All of which brings us to Frank X. Jennings, editor-in-chief of the Saint John Telegraph-Journal and Evening Times-Globe who, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, has been named chief public relations officer, directorate of information (Army). As such, presumably, he will head in the field the public relations staff referred to by Purcell of Canadian Press and, incidentally, lend support to the latter's assurance that those whose job it will be to maintain the news link between Canada and her fighting men are indeed being selected from among experienced news gatherers.

For Lt.-Colonel Jennings is as veteran a newspaperman as any can be and still be young enough in years to carry out his new duties which may well expose him to all the risks of a soldier under fire. A native of Saint John, he has for the last ten years been editor-in-chief of the Telegraph Journal and the Evening Times Globe of the city and a member of their news and editorial staffs since 1913 except for the period of the last war. He is married and has one child, a daughter.

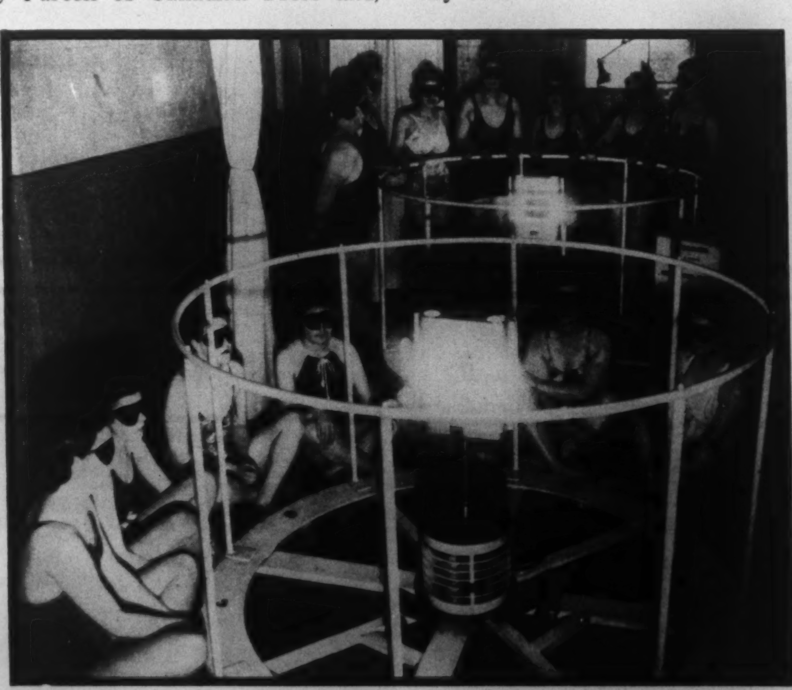
Enlisting in the ranks of the 23rd Battery, Canadian Field Artillery, in 1914, Frank Jennings proceeded overseas early in 1915. In England, with the rank of quartermaster-sergeant, he was transferred to the 21st Howitzer Battery, commanded by Major A. G. L. McNaughton (now Lieut. General McNaughton, commander of the Canadian Army overseas) and served in Belgium and France with that unit.

In 1917 he received his commission and was appointed orderly officer of the 6th Field Artillery Brigade with which he remained until the end of the war.

After the Armistice he went with the occupational troops into Germany. From here he was later recalled to London where as one of a group of officers who collaborated in preparing the narrative of the Canadian Corps operations during the Great War his peacetime experience in the news gathering and editorial fields was utilized to exceptional advantage.

On his return to Canada in 1919, Col. Jennings resumed his newspaper career and progressed steadily until he became editor-in-chief of the two Saint John dailies.

During the present war he has been associated with the Canadian Reserve Army and since the summer of 1940 has been quartermaster of the 14th (R) Field Ambulance, R.C.A.M.C. He is immediate past president of the Saint John Branch, Canadian Legion, B.E.S.L., and is a past president of the Saint John Rotary Club.



Absenteeism continues to be one of the major problems in Canadian war industry. Among the many causes for this, the common cold ranks high. This past winter in Britain, considerable success in building resistance to the widespread infection which sabotages so much industrial effort has been obtained through the use of sun-ray apparatus such as that above. When exposed to the sun, the human body stores up health-giving vitamins in the form of viosterol. The same value may be had from short daily exposure under the sun-lamp but goggles must be worn. Note also that railing guards workers from too close contact with rays.

That Cost-of-Living Index

BY WM. J. BRYANS

Is the cost-of-living index really an index of the cost of living?

The average person is inclined to put undue emphasis on food costs in sizing up the cost of living, forgetting that there are other items which play a vital part in living costs.

For instance, the index includes costs of rent, fuel and light, clothing, home furnishings and services as well as miscellaneous items, all of which have been held in check to a much greater extent than foods. In fact, the food index is the only one which has got out of hand since the basic period of 1941, the others holding a very even keel.

THE cost-of-living index is something with which we should all become a little more familiar because during the period ahead it is likely to crop up much more frequently in news dispatches and conversation as well as play an important part in the formulation of government policies having to do with prices and wages. Consequently, it is a matter of direct concern to every individual and to every business.

An added reason for some special study of this statistical record is the suggestion which has frequently been heard lately that the cost-of-living index is a phoney. When a man tries to tell his wife that the cost of living is only mildly above the basic period of 1941 and that, accordingly, she should be able to operate on the same allowance for household expenses as previously, he is likely to be met with a withering expression of disgust and probably a lot of factual evidence to demonstrate that he is simply being ridiculous. She can probably quote comparative figures on meats, fish, fresh fruits, vegetables and other items to prove that he—and the government too for that matter—are sadly astray.

Similarly, the wage earner who has been anticipating another increase in his cost-of-living bonus and is told the index showed a decline of 1.7 points between December 1 and January 1 and that, consequently, no further bonus will be forthcoming at this time, is also likely to question the accuracy of the index as a gauge of his living expenses.

All of which must be merely another instance of public opinion running contra to the stone wall of cold facts. If this cost-of-living index doesn't mean anything we have been paying out a lot of money for nothing as the Dominion Bureau of Statistics and the Department of Labor have been tabulating figures on the cost of living since before the last war. A consolidation of these indexes was made in 1940 on the basis of 1935-39=100, so that when you see an index figure of 116.2, which was recorded for January of this year, you know that according to the records of the government the cost of living has advanced 16.2 points above the average of the 1935-1939 period.

This index is intended to reflect changes in a fixed budget covering retail prices of commodities, services and shelter costs. Actually, it is based on the expenditure experiences of 1439 urban wage-earner families in the year ending Sept. 30, 1938. The record completed by these families was designed to provide budget data for the compilation of the index. It was, however, based on a predetermined family standard and took no account of the shifting planes of living or increases in direct taxation which have been experienced since the present war commenced.

Fixed Urban Standard

The index was close to par at the outbreak of war and recorded only a gradual increase for a considerable period. At the end of 1940, after 15 months of war, it stood at 108. From

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

Unemployment in Total War

BY P. M. RICHARDS

A SITUATION in respect of war production which has been developing for months has lately become acute. We, and Britain and the United States, have produced more than we seem likely to need of certain products such as guns and ammunition; other products, such as tanks, are now regarded militarily as somewhat less important than they were, and as a result of the considerable changes in the war production program thus necessitated we are developing surpluses of plant capacity and labor in some fields.

Unemployment in total war! It sounds like faulty planning and organization, but actually something of the kind was inevitable under the circumstances. When war broke out and a large army, navy and air force had to be built up quickly, our production effort, starting from scratch, had to provide the primary equipment as rapidly as possible. The emergency was so great that it seemed we could scarcely get enough productive capacity and manpower, no matter how much we cut down on civilian production. However, we did the job, and we did more: we took over from Britain many difficult production jobs of a kind that, in many cases, Canadian industry had never before attempted. And we did these jobs too; we turned out tanks and ships and planes and guns and precision instruments and a thousand and one other things on a scale that astonished ourselves as well as our Allies; we equipped our own forces and became a big factor in supplying our Allies, including Russia and China and Australia. Made-in-Canada equipment, heavy and light, is in every theatre of war today.

Volume Production Quickly

When we started we had to get volume production quickly, and we had to work from such designs as existed at the time or could be evolved quickly. Naturally many of these were later outmoded. And the changing pattern of the war itself and the new needs developed in actual combat have now relegated many products, at first of prime importance, to a secondary position of usefulness. Fundamentally the change is largely due to the shift in the Allies' attitude from the defensive to the offensive, and as this develops, and especially when the invasion of the continent is actually under way, new needs for changeovers will doubtless appear.

However, even with new needs, the demand on Canada's productive capacity will perhaps not be as large in future as it has been in the past, because (1) some of the United States plants now coming into production are of later design and better fitted to produce the new goods than are Canada's older plants, and (2) because Britain's rate of production has risen largely over the past year or so as a result of the lightness of German bombing. There will continue to be an urgent need for all the ships Canada can produce, escort as well as cargo vessels, and for some types of planes, but not for land army equipment, much of which is now so plentiful that it is believed to be more than enough to take care of all possible needs, including an invasion of Europe.

Much of the plant and labor now being rendered idle can, of course, profitably be switched to other production for war. But it seems that not all can, and that there is an opportunity now to turn some of this spare plant and labor to making equipment and parts for Canada's farms and factories and transportation systems, much of whose existing equipment needs repairs and replacements under the stress of war's demands.

Problem for Our Planners

A major difficulty arises from the fact that some of Canada's biggest war plants are of the volume production type, designed to do a specific job as efficiently as possible, and do not lend themselves to a changeover to other production. Furthermore it is possible, though not thought probable now, that these plants might later be needed to go back to their original type of production. Such a demand could come suddenly. A major factor in the existence of over-supplies of some products on this side of the ocean is the lack of shipping to take them overseas; if the U-boats were overcome our stockpiles would doubtless decrease.

This is a problem for our planners, and a sample of the much bigger but similar problem which faces us in connection with post-war reconstruction. It is obvious, at least in retrospect, that changes in the nature of our war production were inevitable from the outset if the war was to be a lengthy one, and that this fact should have been recognized and prepared for by our war-effort organizers. Did they do so? If they did not, or not enough, this column has the fullest sympathy for them; it is sure it would not have done so in like circumstances. But the fact remains that it is the duty of planners to plan, and not only for the apparent needs of the moment but for the not-so-apparent needs of the future. They must do so, to have any chance of fulfilling the hopes held of them. But as Robert Burns pointed out, the best-laid plans are apt to go wrong, and sometimes, no doubt, there just aren't any plans. That does not matter very much if there never has been planning and the economy has been kept in balance by the free operation of the law of supply and demand, but it matters a great deal when we live under a planned economy, or one supposed to be planned.

108.6 in April 1941 it advanced rapidly causing the government to decide on a more stringent and general price control as a means of heading off inflation. This brought the Price Ceiling and the Wartime Prices and Trade Board into being with a policy that set as the maximum lawful price the highest price at which each seller made sales during the basic period, September 15 to October 11, 1941. However, they did exempt a number of items from the ceiling, notably fresh fruits and vegetables and certain types of fish. It has been advances in these lines and others on which the Board allowed the ceiling to be pierced that has set up the impression that the cost of living was outstripping the advance in wages. In spite of all efforts, however, the index kept gradually edging upward, necessitating one increase in the cost-of-living bonus and threatening to throw an additional burden on production costs—thus completing the vicious circle of requiring higher prices on manufactured products if business was to survive.

To head this off the government inaugurated a new plan whereby they could hold the cost-of-living index in line—a forced reduction in the price of four food items, milk, tea, coffee and oranges, by the payment of subsidies. This had the desired effect. The index has fallen since the first of December although it is argued that it is not reflected in the actual cost of living. For instance, while the reduction in tea may have a considerable influence on the index, under the present basis of rationing no one can save more than 32½ cents in a year on this particular item.

It might also be pointed out that the lines which are taken into account in compiling the cost-of-living index do not embrace all those products which might properly be regarded as a part of basic living costs. For instance, there are only 46 items included in the food index. This means that many foods considered essential to the welfare of the average family are omitted from the compilation of the index. Many of the omitted items have registered substantial price advances. Only five cuts of beef are included out of a total of some twenty-five in general use in the meat trade. The housewife may (and does) pay a higher price today on the twenty other cuts that are not reflected in the official figures on the cost of living. Canned salmon, which is no longer obtainable, is the only canned fish on the price index list. Confectionery, up considerably as a result of special taxes imposed, is not included in the index, and it will be argued rightly so, although it does provide small-cost diversion as well as food and energy value for those in the lower income brackets.

46 FOOD ITEMS INCLUDED IN COST-OF-LIVING INDEX FIGURES

CEREALS—Bread, Flour, Rice, Rolled Oats, Corn Flakes.

DAIRY PRODUCTS—Milk, Butter, Cheese.

FRUITS—Raisins, Currants, Prunes, Strawberry Jam, Marmalade, Canned Peaches, Corn Syrup, Bananas, Lemons, Oranges.

DRY GROCERIES—Granulated Sugar, Yellow Sugar, Tea, Coffee, Cocoa, Salt.

EGGS

MEATS AND FISH—Sirloin Steak, Round Steak, Rolled Rib Roast, Blade Roast, Stewing Beef, Veal, Lamb, Pork (fresh loins), Pork (fresh shoulder), Bacon, Canned Salmon, Finnan Haddie, Vegetable Shortening, Lard.

VEGETABLES—Beans, Onions, Potatoes, Canned Tomatoes, Canned Peas, Canned Corn, Canned Beans (green and waxed).

It's Not Only Food

Undoubtedly, the average person is inclined to put undue emphasis on food costs in sizing up the cost of living, forgetting there are other items which play a vital part in living costs. For instance, the index includes costs of rent, fuel and light, clothing, home furnishing and services as well as miscellaneous items, all of which have been held in check to a much greater extent than foods. In fact, the food index is the only one which has got out of hand since the basic period of 1941, the others holding a very even keel.

It is now evidently intended to keep the offending food index in check by the use of subsidies. This is a weapon which the government apparently had not expected until quite recently that it would be necessary to employ, for from the Canada Year Book of 1942 we quote "Subsidies to enable goods to be sold within the price ceiling are regarded as temporary measures pending arrangements to reduce costs in manufacturing and distribution to be worked out by the Division of Simplified Practice". However, when that was written the continued upward swing in the index and its possible repercussions on wages and manufacturing costs had probably not been fully visualized.

So, while the Cost-of-Living Index is a sincere effort to gauge the variations in living costs and in normal times is a pretty accurate yardstick, it must be kept in its proper perspective in relation to current conditions, bearing in mind that subsidies used in keeping it in check are a charge that consumers must shoulder in the way of taxes either present or future. As Canada's expenditures today are only being taken care of partially by current taxes there may be some consolation in the fact that today's living costs are to be partly borne by the next generation.

On his way to be shot by a guerilla firing squad for selling information to the enemy, this Russian learns how fellow-peasants feel about traitors in their midst. Scene from "One Day of War", March of Time.

Gold and Dross

Your money is important. That is why each week in "Gold and Dross" we tell you what and what not to invest it in. And we try to do it as sagaciously and as expertly as possible. This requires patient and painstaking investigation and careful judgment, but the sound reputation of "Gold and Dross" built up over a number of years—more than we care to remember—has justified our effort and been our reward.—The Publishers.

SATURDAY NIGHT
The Canadian Weekly

THE STEEL COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

AND SUBSIDIARY COMPANIES

CONSOLIDATED BALANCE SHEET, DECEMBER 31, 1942

ASSETS

CURRENT ASSETS		
Cash on hand and in banks	$ 2,682,101.37	
Dominion of Canada treasury bills, bonds and other securities, (market value December 31, 1942, $12,138,000.)	11,997,517.82	
Due from employees on War Loan subscriptions, secured by Dominion of Canada bonds	458,154.43	
Accounts and notes receivable, less reserve	7,315,197.57	
Inventories of raw materials, supplies and products, as determined and certified by responsible officials of the companies and valued at the lower of cost or market, less reserve	9,819,959.48	
		$ 32,272,930.67
INVESTMENTS (non current)		
Investments in and advances to associated coal and ore mining companies		2,010,275.42
FIXED ASSETS		
Cost of works owned and operated		63,100,501.04
OTHER ASSETS		
Benefit Plan—cash and investments	$ 861,710.35	
Refundable portion of excess profits taxes	587,316.68	
		1,449,027.03
DEFERRED CHARGES		
Taxes, insurance and other expenses paid in advance		157,903.09
		$ 98,990,637.25

Approved on behalf of the Board,

R. H. McMASTER
H. H. CHAMP *Directors.*

AUDITORS' REPORT TO THE SHAREHOLDERS

We have examined the books and accounts of The Steel Company of Canada, Limited, and its subsidiary companies for the year ended December 31, 1942, and report that we have verified the cash on hand, bank balances and all securities and have obtained all the information and explanations which we have required and that, in our opinion, the above consolidated balance sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the companies' affairs at December 31, 1942, according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us and as shown by the books of the companies.

RIDDELL, STEAD GRAHAM & HUTCHISON,
Chartered Accountants, Auditors

Toronto, Ontario, February 27, 1943.

LIABILITIES

CURRENT LIABILITIES			
Accounts payable		$ 4,540,906.85	
Accrued wages		222,915.82	
Provision for income, excess profits and other taxes, less paid on account		5,779,714.28	
Unclaimed dividends		9,910.52	
Dividends payable February 1, 1943			
On Preference shares	$ 194,889.00		
On Ordinary shares	345,000.00		
		539,889.00	
Loan from Dominion Government for construction of new plant facilities	$4,170,000.00		
Less repaid	2,919,000.00		
		1,251,000.00	
			$ 12,344,336.47
PLANT AND OPERATING RESERVES			
Depreciation reserve		$ 36,466,352.44	
Furnace relining and rebuilding and other operating reserves		2,945,132.56	
			39,411,485.00
BENEFIT PLAN RESERVE			861,710.35
OTHER RESERVES			
Betterment and replacement		$ 1,829,674.06	
Fire insurance		200,000.00	
Contingent		558,999.01	
			2,588,673.07

CAPITAL STOCK

Authorized	Issued			
400,000	259,852	7% Cumulative Preference shares (participating) — par value $25.00 each	$ 6,496,300.00	
600,000	460,000	Ordinary shares—no par value	11,500,000.00	
				17,996,300.00

SURPLUS		
Earned surplus—per statement attached	$ 25,200,815.68	
Refundable portion of excess profits taxes	587,316.68	
		25,788,132.36
		$ 98,990,637.25

STATEMENT OF CONSOLIDATED PROFIT AND LOSS

FOR THE YEAR ENDED DECEMBER 31, 1942

PROFIT FROM OPERATIONS after deducting depreciation and all expenses of manufacturing, selling and administration	$ 4,724,061.95
Add	
Net income from securities, and profit from sales	81,876.12
NET PROFIT FOR THE YEAR	$ 4,805,938.07

The following amounts have been charged before determining the profit for the year:

Provision for depreciation, including special depreciation for "War" plant and equipment as authorized by the War Contracts Depreciation Board	$ 4,597,243.14
Provision for income and excess profits taxes, including refundable portion of excess profits taxes	8,362,904.15
Directors' fees	14,000.00
Remuneration of executive officers	195,400.00
Legal expenses	9,886.51

STATEMENT OF CONSOLIDATED EARNED SURPLUS

Balance at December 31, 1941		$ 22,854,433.61
Add		
Net profit for the year ended December 31, 1942		4,805,938.07
		$ 27,660,371.68
Deduct		
Dividends declared during the year 1942		
On preference shares at $3.00 per share	$ 779,556.00	
On ordinary shares at $3.00 per share	1,380,000.00	
	$ 2,159,556.00	
Contribution to Pension Trust Fund	300,000.00	
		2,459,556.00
Balance at December 31, 1942		$ 25,200,815.68

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LIMITED
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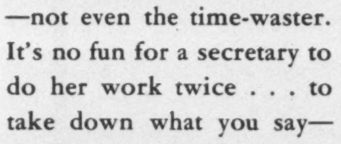

EDISON
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43-2

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GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

EASY WASHING MACHINE

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I have owned some common shares of the Easy Washing Machine Co., Ltd., for some years and have been pleased to see the steady improvement in the company's position in late years. Now there has been a relapse, and it's evident to everyone that operating conditions in a business like this are very difficult now. However, perhaps you can see a ray of sunshine in the outlook that I have overlooked. I would be glad of your comments.

—B. D. W., Toronto, Ont.

Sorry; in spite of the nice spring weather I can't see any sunshine in the Easy Washing Machine wartime prospect. Despite the drop in earnings per share of common from 91 cents for 1941 to 76 cents for 1942, the company really did not do at all badly last year; total prohibition of washing machine production and new products was operative only a portion of the year and a considerable number of washing machines were produced and sold. The situation in the present year, of course, is much less favorable.

The company had foreseen the coming of some such restrictions and the management had early engaged in war work, which will in some measure offset the displacement of the company's normal business but while this type of work will help to maintain the organization, it is well known, says the company's president, that under the present system of rigid profit control relatively little residual profit can be expected from war contracts. The management is faced with a situation it has never had to meet before; but it is determined, the president says, to expend every effort to maintain the organization as an active and producing unit for the resumption of normal business after the war.

SHERRITT GORDON

Editor, Gold & Dross:

What do you think of Sherritt Gordon's prospects for producing a profit in the post-war period? Also is the company making money out of the zinc contract? Information as to the asset value of the shares and the extent of the ore reserves will be appreciated.

—J. G., Kincardine, Ont.

While the prospects are that Sherritt Gordon Mines will continue to make a moderate profit for the duration it is impossible to foretell what the situation may be in the postwar period as no one knows what will happen to the price of base metals.

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

BY HARUSPEX

CYCLICAL, OR ONE TO TWO-YEAR TREND: American Common stocks, following their sustained advance from the April 1942 lows, are now regarded by us as having entered a zone of distribution.

INTERMEDIATE, OR SEVERAL-MONTH TREND: An intermediate upturn developed from April 28 lows. Evidence is lacking that this intermediate advance has reached a point of culmination, although possibility of technical price correction at this time is not to be overlooked.

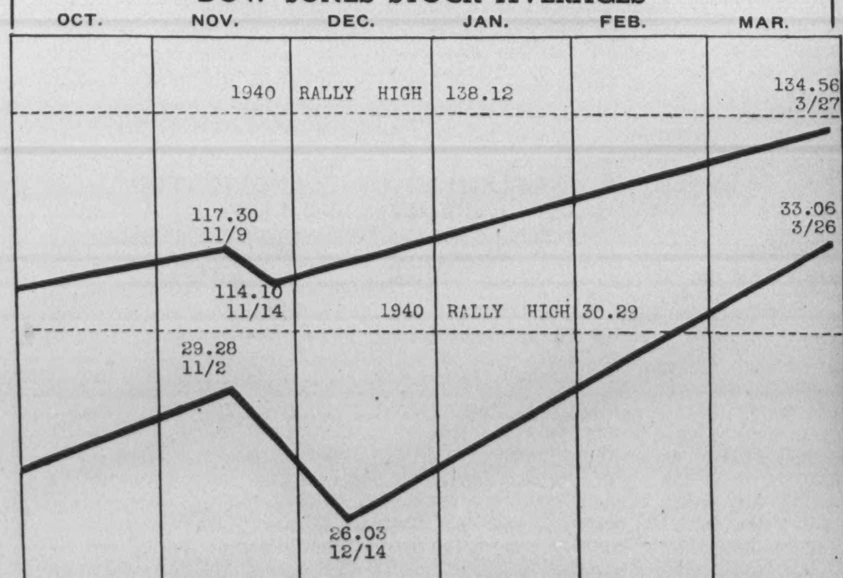
APRIL DEVELOPMENTS WILL BEAR WATCHING

There is an old Greek adage which reads "The causes of wars are profound, the occasions slight". Very much the same kind of observation can be made in respect to important changes in the stock market. Often a market, on fundamentals, is in position to have an important upward or downward movement but does not actually register this change until some news event furnishes the occasion by bringing into focus a general trend or otherwise directing public attention to adverse or favorable developments.

As illustrations of the above statement, so far as recent years are concerned, the 1932 advance was terminated on the dismal showing of Mr. Hoover, the Republican presidential candidate, in the barometric Maine primary elections in September; the 1933 advance was set off with the opening of all the American banks that had closed in the banking crisis; the 1933 decline came when Mr. Roosevelt threw over the World Economic Conference; the 1937 decline came with the President's threat to curb rises in commodity prices; the 1938 advance came when Mr. Morgenthau of the U.S. Treasury went all out for pump priming as a recognized Government policy; the 1939 decline came with the outbreak of war in Europe; and the 1942 advance started with Japan's occupation of the Far Eastern bastions of the Anglo-Saxon nations (bad news out).

All of which raises the question as to what, in retrospect, will have been the major news event that will mark or coincide with the turning point for the period of market distribution that we regard as now underway. Without any attempt to call the shot, we would point out that April holds one or more important developments that might bear watching. One is the African campaign, the Americans' first offensive against Germany that might generate considerable enthusiasm and hence a buying climax (reverse of the 1942 selling climax under the adverse Japanese news). The second is the probability that the United States Treasury will be ready with 1943 tax proposals that might possibly contain dynamite. The third is what Hitler, now in desperation, may do, now that spring has come to Europe. Meanwhile, technical evidences do not yet indicate the rise as having ended.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



WAR CALLS FOR THRIFT

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Assets Exceed $62,000,000

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

DIVIDEND NO. 225

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of one and one-half per cent in Canadian funds on the paid-up capital stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending 30th April 1943 and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after Saturday, 1st May next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 31st March 1943. The Transfer Books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board
S. M. WEDD
General Manager

Toronto, 12th March 1943

PENMANS LIMITED

Dividend Notice

NOTICE is hereby given that the following Dividends have been declared for the quarter ending the 30th day of April, 1943.

On the Preferred Stock, one and one-half per cent. (1½%), payable on the 1st day of May to Shareholders of record of the 1st day of April, 1943.

On the Common Stock, seventy-five cents (75c) per share, payable on the 15th day of May to Shareholders of record of the 15th day of April, 1943.

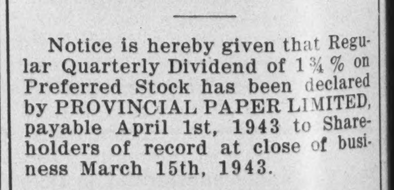
By Order of the Board.

Montreal, March 22, 1943.
C. B. ROBINSON, Secretary-Treasurer.

Provincial Paper Limited

Notice is hereby given that Regular Quarterly Dividend of 1¾% on Preferred Stock has been declared by PROVINCIAL PAPER LIMITED, payable April 1st, 1943 to Shareholders of record at close of business March 15th, 1943.

(Signed) W. S. BARBER,
Secretary-Treasurer.



When more modern means of communications fail, the carrier pigeon is something to rely on. Here a U.S. Army signals man attaches a field message before releasing a bird.

Net working capital at the end of 1941 was $2,342,411, or close to 40 cents a share, but otherwise the asset value of the shares is not determinable. War regulations prevent the publishing of ore reserve figures but known ore is stated sufficient for around five years' milling.

While some money is being made out of the zinc contract this is not important as the production is principally a war effort and the shortage of labor has delayed plans for expansion. A 50 per cent interest is held in the Michipicoten Iron Mines, where a substantial tonnage of high grade ore is indicated and this should be a profitable operation.

The company has highly efficient management. Earnings have never been large due to the low grade of ore and the outlook for the future of low grade producers is somewhat uncertain. A new low grade orebody was located in 1941 about 3½ miles north of the main deposit and an indicated tonnage of over 1,850,000 tons estimated. The grade, however, is unworkable at prices prevailing at present for copper and while there has been some talk of possible government aid in its development, there would not be the likelihood of much profit in it.

VIC-ORE MOLYBDENITE

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Can you give me a report on Vic-Ore Molybdenite Mines Ltd., more or less as a speculation?

—M. E., Toronto, Ont.

As it is not possible to appraise the prospects for a strategic mineral venture the same as a gold mine, little advice can be tendered on the speculative merit of Vic-Ore Molybdenite. Molybdenite is in demand for war purposes and new sources of supply are being actively sought in Canada. Output, however, has been small and scattered since the last war and it remains to be seen how successful the company will be in a commercial way.

Its property consists of 931 acres and there is some 20,000 tons estimated of molybdenite-bearing ore in two open cuts. Open cut mining will be used at the outset, but some diamond drilling will also be done to test conditions at depth. A 50-ton mill has been purchased and a contract secured at 90 cents a pound for sale of all concentrates produced this year.

CANADA FOUNDRIES

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I would be glad to have your comment on Canada Foundries & Forgings Ltd. stock. Profits have risen considerably as a result of the war, I know, but what about the company's balance sheet position as distinct from yearly per-share earnings?

—W. P. S., New Westminster, B.C.

There has been important improvement in balance sheet position as well as per-share earnings, despite the fact that most of the wartime increase in Canada Foundries & Forgings' operating profits has been absorbed by taxes. In the last four fiscal years to December 31, 1942, net working capital has doubled, rising from $370,865 at the end of 1939 to $748,562 at the end of 1942. In the process, liquid assets have greatly increased, the company having cash of $194,481 and Dominion bonds of $150,000 at the end of last year against cash of $3,127 and investments of $3,400 at the end of 1939. As a result of the company's conservative dividend policy, the book value or net worth of the 9,600 Class "B" shares has risen very substantially, from $2.17 a share at the end of 1938 to $51.28 at the latest year-end.

The total volume of business done by Canada Foundries & Forgings in 1942 was 4½ times the volume of 1939. The increase in operating profits has been greater still, for the 1942 figure of $1,082,063 was six times the 1939 profit of $178,154 and was more than ten times the 1938 profit of $95,324. The increase in tax provision has been even sharper, rising from $27,000 in 1939 to $747,000 in 1942, the latter not including the refundable portion of the excess profits tax of $88,000. Notwithstanding this, net income of $262,933 for 1942 was at the best level since 1918 when net income was $451,824 after the comparatively low taxes of that time. Net compared with $147,373 for 1941 and $105,010 for 1940 and surpassed the prosperity peak of $150,917 set in 1929.

SPECIAL PRIVILEGE BOYS WORK ON THE WALLS OF JERICHO.

MacLEOD-COCKSHUTT

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I would greatly appreciate a brief expression of opinion on MacLeod-Cockshutt.

—V. W., Edmonton, Alta.

With a return to normal conditions MacLeod-Cockshutt should be able to rapidly increase earnings. This company recently expanded $750,000 of its earnings in additional milling equipment and underground development with a view to raising the milling rate at the request of Ottawa, but more recent regulations prevented putting the increase into effect. The ore situation is splendid. In December a dividend of 10 cents a share was paid and this reflected the improvement in the treasury position following the heavy expenditures.

GOLDEN MANITOU

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I would be glad to have your opinion of Golden Manitou as a speculation for quick appreciation, and also as an investment for future years.

—B. G., Lindsay, Ont.

While Golden Manitou appears to have speculative possibilities it is impossible to predict the long-term developments. As to "quick appreciation", an $850,000 bond issue has to be retired before working capital can be built up for a return on the common shares, and no one knows what the base metal situation may be in the postwar era. The property was brought into production in response to the heavy demand for zinc in the war effort and the management takes the view that the national interest can be best served, as well as that of shareholders, by converting the company's ore reserves into metal as quickly as possible. Mill capacity is being raised 50 per cent to 900 tons daily which should be in effect shortly.

A satisfactory contract for the concentrates is held with the Metals Reserve Company, metal purchasing agent for the United States government, and the operation promises to be a profitable one. Developments are exceeding expectations and any doubt as to the sufficiency of ore reserves to keep production on a large scale for the duration of the war at least seems to have been allayed. It is possible the company may be able to retire the bonds this year.

When financing was being arranged for mill construction ore reserves were estimated at 500,000 tons to the 375-foot level, with another 1,000,000 indicated by diamond drilling to a depth of 650 feet. The shaft is now being deepened another 500 feet to 1,000 feet.

MISSINAIBI CLAYS

Editor, Gold & Dross:

A statement regarding the position of Missinaibi Clays & Mining Limited would be appreciated.

—J. F. L., Campbellford, Ont.

Missinaibi Clays & Mining Limited is now shipping fire clay and silica to the steel and foundry industries, where the product is in demand, but as yet there is no intimation as to how profitable the enterprise will be and the shares are speculative. A washing plant is planned to separate the sand and china clay as a good market exists for the latter in the paper and other industries. Some 1,000,000 tons of fire clays, silica sand and kaolin are reported indicated by diamond drilling on the Mattagami River property and laboratory tests have shown these refractory clays to be equal in every respect to the high-grade clays in the United States. The company has two groups of properties.

BELL TELEPHONE

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Having regard to the annual report of the Bell Telephone Company of Canada for 1942 and the known weight of taxes, would it be possible to tell me the amount by which the company's earnings in 1943 is likely to cover, or fail to cover, the $8 annual dividend? I shall greatly appreciate your guidance on this.

—N. C. S., Westmount, Que.

Yes, it's possible to approximate it pretty closely, I think. The report for 1942 indicates what the effect of present excess profits taxation upon the retainable net profit would have been if such taxation had been applicable throughout the full twelve months. Last year, with the present E.P.T. in effect upon half of the year's profits, the retained net profit was $7,346,687 or $8.76 per share of average outstanding capital stock, compared with $7,302,907 or $8.82 on a slightly smaller amount of stock outstanding the previous year, while the company also earned by way of the refundable portion of taxes (not available for dividends) a further amount of $709,000 or 84 cents per share. If the present taxes had been applicable throughout the period, the retained net profit available for dividends would have been reduced to approximately $7 per share, while the refundable portion of taxes would have amounted to about $1.68 per share.

While it is thus indicated that earnings available for dividends in the present year will fall about $1 below the $8 dividend rate, it should be noted that since the beginning of 1939 the company has accumulated the sizable surplus of $2,237,597 or about $2.66 per share. This amount is free from foreign exchange restrictions as to payment of dividends with conversion privileges to non-residents outside the sterling area. The free surplus could be used to make up the difference between the present $7 rate of earnings and the $8 dividend rate for about 2⅔ years from December 31, 1942. The maximum retainable net profit of approximately $7 per share is well protected by the cushion of earnings now subject to the 100% E.P.T. Taxable profits could drop over $7,000,000 from the 1942 figure without pulling the retainable net below this level of about $7 per share.

"PENNY" STOCKS

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Please advise me regarding the possibilities of the following penny unlisted stocks: Lacoma, New Ribago, Arntfield, Uchi, Rhyolite. Do you believe they are a good investment for holding, or should I let them alone altogether?

—B.N., Hamilton, Ont.

None of the "penny" stocks you list offer any attraction for speculation at present. Arntfield suspended operations last year and the company has been liquidating the plant, equipment, etc., to pay off the bondholders and creditors. It is hoped the property can be preserved for the shareholders. Lacoma recently disposed of its assets to New Barber-Larder Mines for a sum not exceeding $6,500 to pay off its debts and the issue of 250,000 New Barber shares, the latter to be distributed on the basis of one for 20 shares held.

New Ribago is idle. A further test of the property was made in 1941, but without success. The property is a gold-copper prospect and a deep drill hole and further surface exploration was planned but this has not been done as yet. Rhyolite Rouyn owns a property adjoining Waite Amulet but has been inactive since 1939. Diamond drilling failed to locate the extension of conditions similar to those on the adjoining property, although the structure was good. Uchi Gold Mines has turned over its assets to a trustee for liquidation among the bondholders. Both the company's and independent engineers agreed that the tonnage and grade of new ore below the 1,000-foot level was insufficient to warrant further development.

CANADIAN BREWERIES LIMITED

DIVIDEND NOTICE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a dividend of eighty-five cents (85c) per share on the Cumulative Sinking Fund Convertible Preference Shares without nominal or par value in the Capital Stock of the Company has been declared payable on the 1st day of July, 1943, to Shareholders of record at the close of business on the 15th day of May, 1943.

By order of the Board.

W. C. BUTLER, Secretary.

Toronto, Ontario, March 29th, 1943.

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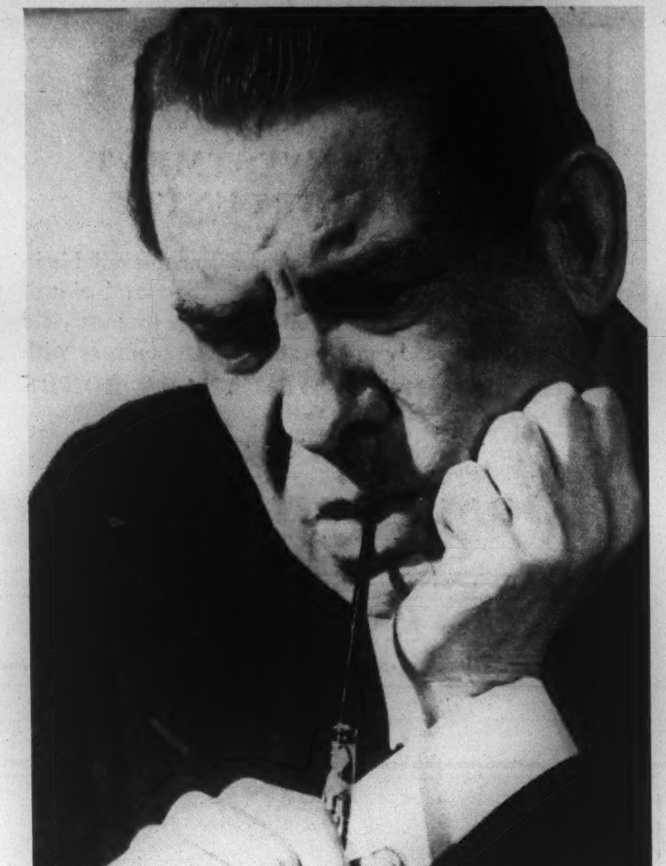

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ABOUT INSURANCE

Study of Management Problems

BY GEORGE GILBERT

Among the problems confronting the managements of life insurance companies in wartime, when agency and head office staffs have been heavily depleted through enlistments in the armed forces, is that of obtaining a sufficient volume of new business to enable the companies to function most efficiently.

While in Canada, in spite of these drawbacks, the production of new business has been showing an increase since the war started, in the United States there has been a steady decline in new ordinary insurance and new industrial insurance, group insurance being the only class showing an increase during the first twelve months the country has been at war.

LIFE insurance executives in Canada and the United States are giving more and more consideration to the changed conditions created by the war and to their likely effect upon the future of the business. In Canada the war has stimulated the sale of life insurance, as shown by the figures recently released by the Dominion Insurance Department. During 1942 the net amount of life insurance effected in this country was $818,939,114, showing an increase of 19 per cent over the amount effected in 1941, while the total net business in force in Canada at the end of 1942 was $7,872,891,155, this being an increase of 7.1 per cent over the amount in force at the end of the previous year.

In the United States, on the other hand, the companies are faced with the problem of a steady decline in new business. In 1942 new ordinary life insurance showed a decrease of 11.9 per cent; new industrial life insurance showed a decrease of 13.5 per cent; group insurance was the only class to show an increase, the increase being 36.1 per cent. One of the reasons for the increase in new group insurance was the large volume of group coverage written for contractors engaged in war work for the United States Government. The total amount of new group insurance written in 1942 was $1,399,882,000, while the amount of new ordinary insurance was $4,925,167,000, and the amount of new industrial insurance, $1,479,652,000.

Government Insurance

Of course it should not be overlooked that the figures of United States life insurance business do not include the amount of National Service Life Insurance written by the United States Government on those in the armed forces of the nation. Latest reports show that the amount already written, $45,000,000,000, exceeds the maximum amount of such insurance outstanding at any one time in the last war, $39,606,743,000.

In addition to this large volume of Government insurance, the families and dependents of U.S. service men have the protection of the life insurance policies owned by them at their induction into the service and continued in force. It has been estimated by the Institute of Life Insurance that one out of every two men in the country's armed forces owns policies taken out when in civilian life.

This National Service Life Insurance issued by the United States Government is payable on an income basis, and it is expected that, as was the case in the last war, this fact will build a greater public appreciation of the value of life insurance, and particularly of its value in terms of income replacement, as compared with its value as a lump sum benefit payable at death.

A war survey carried out by the Institute of Life Insurance indicates that some 3,350,000 life insurance policyholders in the United States are now in the armed forces, and that the life insurance claims paid during the first year the country has been in the war have amounted to $14,000,000 under 9,800 policies. The average amount of the claims paid was $1,429.

It is pointed out that these payments included claims arising from deaths of service men due to normal causes as well as claims resulting from war casualties. The number of policy claims, it is estimated, was probably twice as large as the number of deaths, for the average ownership among the population is two policies per policyholder. It is to be noted that most of the members of the country's armed forces are also protected by the National Service Life Insurance provided by the U.S. Government.

The Service Claims

As showing the relationship of claims on service men in the first year of the war to the over-all picture of the life insurance business in the United States, Holgar J. Johnson, president of the Institute, has pointed out that the life insurance companies in the country are paying death claims at the rate of more than $1,000,000,000 a year, so that the amount of claims on members of the armed forces—$14,000,000—is less than 1½ per cent of this total of payments to all beneficiaries, while the number of claims involved—9,800—is about 1 per cent of the million policies maturing as death claims.

He has also pointed out that, in spite of war casualties, the total death claims paid by the life insurance companies in the United States in 1942 were slightly below the aggregate of such payments in the year before the country entered the war. But he has drawn attention to the fact, which is evident from these figures, that the life insurance companies in the United States are only beginning to experience in their claim payments the impact of the war, as one out of every twenty United States policyholders is now in the country's armed forces.

Proof of Death

One of the problems confronting life insurance companies in connection with war claims is the difficulty of obtaining satisfactory proof of death in some cases. For instance, when a policyholder on active service has been posted by the military authorities as "missing" and certified as being presumed to be dead, the insurance company carrying the risk has to decide whether the certificate of presumption of death is sufficient to warrant payment of the claim.

Experience has shown that even a certificate of death in some cases, let alone a certificate of presumption of death, is not conclusive evidence that a man is dead, as already there have been several cases in which a man has been certified as dead and has later been found to be alive. As far as the military authorities are concerned, they wait a reasonable length of time for evidence to be received that the man has been taken prisoner or has become detached from his unit. If no trace can be found of him, his death is usually presumed after a period of about six months.

One of the strangest cases in the present war of a person turning up alive after being certified as dead is that of Lt. Richard S. Smith, U.S. Army flyer and two-time recipient of the Silver Cross for conspicuous bravery in action over the South Pacific, who recently made a personal appearance before his friends in Philadelphia to refute reports of his death. He was first reported dead by the U.S. War Department on February 6, 1942, and remained "dead" until March 7 when his mother received a cablegram from him in Australia. The War Department then countered with confirmation of his death. The Red Cross reconfirmed it, and an insurance company insisted on paying his mother a death benefit.

Finally the mystery was cleared up when Lt. Smith sent another cablegram stating: "I am not dead." He explained that in his squadron's reorganization, another R. Smith had taken up a plane which the lieutenant had previously piloted and was lost at sea.

• •

Inquiries

Editor, About Insurance:

I should be grateful for assistance in understanding the Beveridge report. My difficulties arise from ignorance of the present arrangements in Great Britain.

Appendix B. is supposed to describe these arrangements but, to me, the following points are not clear.

(1.) What is the present financial relation of the government to the "industrial insurance" organizations and the "approved societies"?

(2.) Do these societies distribute government funds and carry on work like that of the I.O.O.F., the Woodmen, etc. besides?

(3.) In making the claim (p.5) that provision for social security has already been made "on a scale not surpassed and hardly rivalled in any other country in the world", is the report including the work of these Friendly Societies as part of this provision?

—A. W., Toronto, Ont.

When the National Health Insurance Act was enacted in Great Britain, the Government decided to utilize the existing machinery of the friendly societies, trade unions, and the industrial insurance companies in the difficult task of administering the new law. The industrial insurance companies and these other bodies were authorized to form what are known as "Approved Societies," and it is these approved societies which

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Mutual Insurance Company
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Admitted Assets - $3,819,972.11
Surplus - - - - - - 2,014,637.07
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Branches at Vancouver, Edmonton, Saskatoon, Winnipeg, Montreal and Moncton.

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W. R. HOUGHTON, Canadian Manager
RIDOUT & STRICKLAND CO. LTD.
Toronto Agents

THE LONDON & LANCASHIRE INSURANCE CO. LTD
ABSOLUTE SECURITY
W. R. HOUGHTON, MANAGER

administer the national health insurance scheme, collecting the contributions and distributing the benefits as prescribed by the Act. While acting as agents of the Government, they are financially independent and self-governing bodies, free to select their own members so as to control the class of risks undertaken, and are non-profit making, any surplus shown as a result of the valuation of their assets and liabilities which is required at the end of each five-year period being distributed among their members by way of additional benefits. The industrial insurance companies which formed many of these approved societies in the first place cannot benefit from the surpluses earned by the approved societies. The affairs of the approved societies, whose sole function is the administration of the national health insurance scheme, are under the close supervision of the Ministry of Health and the Audit Department of the Government. In speaking of the provision for social security already in existence, Sir William Beveridge was evidently referring to what the Government had so far provided in the way of national health insurance, unemployment insurance, old age pensions and contributory pensions.

News of the Mines

BY J. A. McRAE

THE extent to which investors are reaching out for shares in gold mines is being widely interpreted as a barometer of things to come. These investments do not include new ventures, but, rather centre largely on the big producing mines. The centre of the movement appears to be New York and Washington. The accumulation of shares in such gold mines as Lake Shore, McIntyre-Porcupine, Dome and others has gained sufficient momentum in New York to occupy a place in the centre of the Wall Street stage.

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Anything big enough to cause Wall Street to pause in its stride is quick to become "the talk of the town." This is precisely what has occurred in connection with gold in New York's financial circles. That being so, onlookers at large may be excused for believing there's a reason.

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Prospectors in Canada have been encouraged by suggestions submitted by J. P. Norrie, well-known mining engineer and prospector at a meeting of the Prospectors' & Developers' Association in Montreal. Mr. Norrie ranks high among the mining men of Canada, with an intimate understanding and association with all branches, including prospectors, financiers and mine developers. His own record is one of success and constructiveness. Referring to security regulations Mr. Norrie states: "These laws proved to be a great handicap to the prospector and in my opinion were the greatest cause of his downfall." What Mr. Norrie advocates is a restoration of some of the freedom and trust which the prospector formerly enjoyed. The address was a complete refutation of recent armchair suggestions that the usefulness of prospectors in Canada had about reached an end.

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My own experience gained in the Canadian north, including far parts of the middle west as well as northern Ontario and the district of Ungava to the east of Hudson's Bay, suggests Canada should encourage her prospectors now as never before, and that the usefulness of the individual prospector will extend far into the future and for many generations still to come. Not only this, but the softening influence of subsidies, either collectively or individually, should be avoided as though a plague.

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Kerr-Addison warded off the handicap of labor shortage during 1942 and succeeded in increasing ore reserves slightly, more than replacing the 756,453 tons milled during the year. Output for 1942 was $6,232,794 compared with $5,626,389 for 1941. After all costs, including depreciation and a tax bill of more than a million dollars, the company made a net profit of $2,395,064. This compared with $2,454,039 in 1941. A feature of the annual statement was the rise in working capital to $2,496,881 from $1,307,185 at the beginning of the year. Another feature is the ore reserve of 8,212,292 tons, estimated to contain $7.42 per ton for a total of some $60,900,000.

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Hallnor Mines produced $2,308,711 during 1942 from 128,973 tons of ore compared with $2,527,351 from 132,267 tons in 1941. Ore reserves were maintained at 630,886 tons although new drifts in ore were limited to 235 ft. in length as compared with 1,270 ft. in the preceding year. Total drifting in 1942 amounted to 4,057, less than six per cent of which was in ore. Extensive diamond drilling, laterally and at depth, failed to disclose any further ore. Net working capital at the end of 1942 was $2,274,505.

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Steep Rock Iron Mines, and the recently completed financing, is now in course of passing through the fires of public criticism. Points raised are the fact that the company issued 562,500 shares as a bonus to the buyers of the company's debentures and that the "ore marketing agency" got 1,437,000 shares at what is reckoned at just one cent per share. These two transactions amounted to a bonus of some 1,999,500 shares. The next point being heard is that having to do with why the company should have to go so far afield and to make such sacrifices in securing capital. Having in mind the financial resources of many mining companies in Canada in search of big new mines, the question is being asked why these experienced companies did not participate,—or whether they considered the risk in Steep Rock too great.

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Pamour Porcupine Mines produced $2,343,907 during 1942 from 574,653 tons of ore thereby maintaining a rate about equal to that of the preceding year. Also, despite labor shortage the company ended the year with ore reserves estimate at 1,700,600 tons compared with 1,786,500 tons at the end of 1941. Recovery during 1942 was $4.08 per ton, and all costs including taxes and depreciation around $3.15 per ton, leaving a profit of 93 cents per ton or a total of $538,065 on the 574,653 tons milled.

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Steep Rock Iron Mines is launching out quickly with its campaign of work designed to bring the big iron deposit into production at the earliest date possible. The first goal will be to tap "A" and "B" orebodies which are believed to contain some 20,000,000 tons of high grade ore. Preliminary estimates suggest an official belief that a profit of around $2 per ton may be realized on ore at such time as production reaches a rate of 1,000,000 tons a year.

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Robert C. Wallace, principal of Queen's University, has added his voice to those in many parts of Canada who strongly advocate steps calculated to stimulate the activity of prospectors in this country. Legislation in recent years has robbed the prospector of the degree of freedom necessary to carry on his task. Not the least detrimental feature has been the extent to which capital has been discouraged from participating in new mining enterprises.

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Company Reports

CANADIAN INDUSTRIES LTD.

EARLIER full employment of most of the operating facilities of Canadian Industries Limited and the slowing down in the rate of increase in industrial production throughout the country affected continued expansion of the company's activities in 1942. As a result, although 72% higher than the average for the years 1936 to 1939, sales in 1942 were only 2% above the level of the previous year. In spite of a further expansion in plant facilities and the increase in the volume of sales, net income declined and at $4,611,000 was 14% lower than in 1941 according to the company's thirty-second annual report.

Despite the higher tax rates in effect during 1942, the provision for income and excess profits taxes was slightly below the level of the previous year because of the lower income. An amount of $60,700, equivalent to 2% of the total taxes payable, is refundable in the postwar years and has not, therefore, been charged against 1942 income. Earnings amounted to $6.12 per common share as compared with $7.22 in the preceding year and $7.27 and $8.52 in 1940 and 1939 respectively.

Quarterly dividends totalling $7 per share were maintained on preferred stock. For the third successive year dividends on the common stock were reduced and the total of $5.75 per share declared for 1942 compares with $6.25 per share in the previous year, $7 per share in 1940 and $7.50 per share in 1939.

Income from investments dropped 13% below the level of 1941, the major item in the decrease being the lower dividends declared by General Motors Corporation, which in U.S. funds amounted to $2 per share for 1942 as compared with $3.75 in the previous year. Higher income was received from Defence Industries Limited, wholly-owned wartime subsidiary, but dividends declared by other subsidiary companies in 1942 were in the aggregate lower than in the previous year although total production was further expanded and an increasingly greater proportion of output is being taken by war and essential industry.

The balance sheet shows a moderate improvement in net working capital position and in ratio of current assets to current liabilities and the report points out that "although war conditions have necessitated the more active employment of funds in the conduct of operations, cash and marketable securities were only slightly lower than in the previous year."

BUSINESS YEAR BOOK

BUSINESSMEN, speakers, librarians and educationists particularly will be interested in the latest edition of the *Financial Post* Business Year Book, just off the press. This is the 19th year for the production of this valuable book, which contains a number of new and distinctive features. Among these is a survey of Canada's housing situation. In a census of dwellings in 27 cities of 30,000 population and over, figures are given for cooking, heating and lighting facilities; number of radio owners; number of telephones and electric appliances; value of new buildings and types of building materials used.

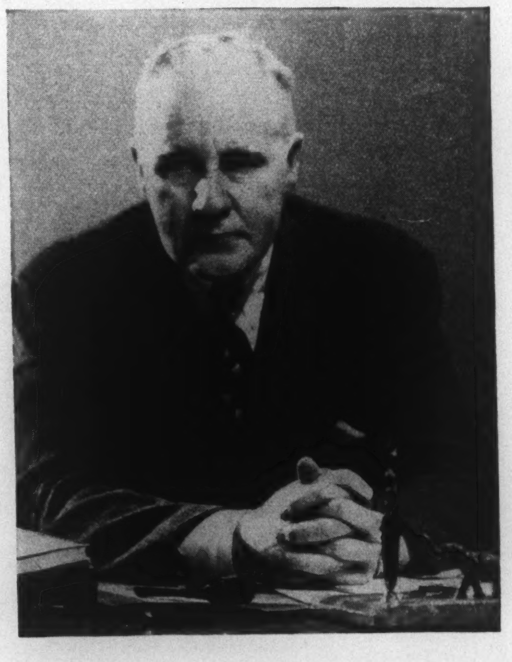
Market potentialities are covered for 400 cities and towns under individual headings, while federal and provincial breakdowns of industrial statistics are comprehensive and presented in ready-reference form.

New and valuable information on Canada's people, resources and production under wartime conditions is given in this 1943 edition of the Business Year Book, which also includes data on Newfoundland. It is priced as usual at two dollars and published by the MacLean Publishing Company Limited, Toronto and Montreal.

NEW "HIGH AND LOW"

A NEW edition of "High and Low of all Canadian Listed Securities", published by Financial Counsel, Montreal and Toronto, brings the stock price record complete up to the end of the year 1942, and presents in alphabetical arrangement all old and new listings on the stock exchanges at Montreal and Toronto and includes preferred and common shares of all classes: pulp and paper, public utility, heavy and light industry, banking, base metal mining, gold mining and miscellaneous.

Incorporated in the data is a complete record of high and low prices of individual stocks for each year, 1942 back to 1932 and including the peak year 1929, except where such information is available only for shorter periods; a record of dividends and extras paid on each issue during 1942, and details of the latest declarations. The publication has been brought out each year since 1925.



'43... '44... ?

WHO KNOWS WHEN THE WAR WILL BE OVER?

It's a Question Every Executive Should Consider

IN RELATION TO REBUILDING PRESENT TYPEWRITERS

Now that new typewriter manufacture is cut to the minimum of war needs, it is essential that your present typewriters be kept on the job for the duration. The best and most economical way to do this is to have your present L C SMITHS rebuilt under the supervision of the manufacturer.

This rebuilding by L C SMITH skilled factory-trained experts gives your machines a new lease on life—replaces worn-out parts, and restores the precision standards which make the L C SMITH unique for smooth, speedy operation.

A few dollars invested now will pay excellent dividends in longer, more efficient service from your present typewriters. We at Head Office in Toronto—or any L C Smith-Corona Branch Office or Dealer across Canada—will gladly estimate the cost, and also explain our economical service plan.

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OF CANADA LIMITED, TORONTO

23rd Annual Report to the Shareholders of

DOMINION

STORES, LIMITED

WE PRESENT the report of operations of your Company, together with financial statements, for the year ended December 31st, 1942 — the Company's twenty-third year of operation.

The difficulties of conducting your business under wartime conditions did not diminish in 1942. Shortages in merchandise and in experienced personnel increase constantly. These factors, along with reduced profit margins resulting from retail price control, continue to minimize the possibility of reasonable returns.

Your Company has endeavoured to follow a conservative policy with respect to all branches of its activity in an effort to maintain a sound financial position and to preserve the goodwill of its employees and the public.

It will be noted that notwithstanding restrictions and control affecting the conduct of the business, further progress was made during 1942 in sales and net results.

As indicated in our 1941 report, war restrictions have prohibited further modernization of stores.

EARNINGS

The operating profit for 1942 was $830,897.00 compared with $479,118.31 for 1941. Net income for the year, before taxes but after all other charges including depreciation at $163,700.32, was $586,339.65 compared with $300,873.42 for 1941. Net profit, after providing for income and excess profits taxes, was $301,339.65 compared with $170,067.42 for 1941, or $1.08 per share for 1942 as compared with .61c per share for 1941. It was gratifying to the Board of Directors to be able to resume the payment of dividends in 1942. Two payments each at the rate of ten cents a share were made on August 20th and on November 20th.

The Surplus Accounts, after the payment of dividends, now aggregate $452,472.51. In view of the exigencies of post-war rehabilitation, your Directors feel it is imperative to build up a satisfactory surplus.

The Company's standard profits have been ascertained under the provisions of The Excess Profits Tax Act, 1940. The amount of the provision for income and excess profits taxes shown in the financial statements is considered to be adequate for that purpose.

SALES

Sales for 1942 were $26,268,904.70 compared with $21,032,783.15 for 1941, an increase of $5,254,121.55 or 24.90%. This is the largest volume of business done in any one year of the Company's history. At December 31st, 1942, your Company operated 23 grocery units and 17 meat units less than at the end of the previous year. At the end of the year we had 258 stores in operation.

OPERATIONS

Total operating expenses continued to increase during 1942 as a result of increased sales volume, increased wages and rising costs for services and supplies. The gain in sales was greater than the relative increase in expenses with the result that the percentage of operating costs to sales was further reduced in 1942.

FINANCE

Your Company's financial position shows further improvement. Net working capital was $2,350,659.95 at December 31st, 1942, compared with $2,048,009.07 a year ago. The ratio of current assets to current liabilities at the year-end was 3.42. The net worth of your Company at December 31st, 1942, was $12.69 a share, of that amount $8.39 is represented in net working capital.

PERSONNEL

It is our happy privilege again to record our grateful appreciation of the generous support given by the employees of the Company in the most trying year we have experienced. We have our greatest asset in our personnel.

Staff turnover was the highest yet experienced. This is inevitable in wartime due to calls for military service and voluntary enlistment, as well as the demands of war industries. Much credit is due the remaining staff for maintaining operations in the face of increasing losses of trained personnel. Everyone is conscious of the important job we have to do in assuring orderly distribution of food, despite the difficulties presented through rationing and shortages in trained personnel and in supplies.

During the year our organization endeavoured to support the Government in various fields of activity by supplying assistance, when called upon, and through the voluntary contributions of its staff generally.

There are now 421 or 23.8% of our full-time staff in the Active Services. We miss them, but we are proud of the service they are rendering their country and the cause of freedom.

Service Pins were presented to employees in 1942 as follows:

20 years' service —	17
15 years' service —	23
10 years' service —	33
5 years' service —	46
	119

The growing number of employees eligible for these pins is a pleasing indication of stability.

FOOD, DISTRIBUTION AND PRICE CONTROL

Your Company is participating, along with food retailers generally, in one of the most important and difficult jobs the food industry has ever faced—that of feeding a nation engaged in total war. It is a vital and complicated problem.

The effect of price control and wartime restrictions on food production and retail distribution is most serious. It is encouraging to observe, however, a growing realization of the intricate functions of the food industry and an appreciation of the fact that primary production, processing and distribution are all one problem in providing essential food to the consumer. It is our hope that general interest in its solution will continue to develop and that remedial action will result. In the meantime, your Company will endeavour to maintain the business on a sound basis.

On behalf of the Board of Directors,

J. WILLIAM HORSEY,
President.

Comparative Balance Sheet:

ASSETS

	31st December 1942	1941	1940
Current:			
Cash on Hand and in Banks	$ 280,439.10	$ 909,837.97	$ 511,841.61
Call Loans and Deposit with a Trust Company			175,000.00
Dominion of Canada War Loan Bonds	252,468.75	2,468.75	150,593.75
Accounts Receivable (Less Reserve for Bad Debts)	117,680.69	123,000.72	119,935.76
Merchandise	2,671,139.00	1,905,280.35	1,730,789.23
TOTAL CURRENT ASSETS	$ 3,321,727.54	$ 2,940,587.79	$ 2,688,160.35
Deferred Charges and Prepaid Expenses	79,318.03	81,307.13	66,332.30
Mortgages Receivable	79,900.00	80,200.00	3,000.00
Refundable Portion of Excess Profits Tax	15,000.00		
Buildings, Land and Fixtures (Less Depreciation Reserve)	1,027,933.49	1,097,958.42	945,824.66
Goodwill	1.00	1.00	1.00
	$ 4,523,880.06	$ 4,200,054.34	$ 3,703,318.31

LIABILITIES

	1942	1941	1940
Current:			
Accounts Payable and Accrued Charges	$ 749,587.43	$ 738,393.22	$ 442,422.67
Taxes Payable and Accrued	12,363.56	17,497.41	32,363.05
Reserve for Income and Excess Profits Taxes	209,116.60	136,688.09	56,850.00
TOTAL CURRENT LIABILITIES	$ 971,067.59	$ 892,578.72	$ 531,635.72
Reserve for Future Fire Losses			15,000.00
Capital Stock	3,100,339.96	3,100,339.96	3,100,339.96
Surplus: Earned	437,472.51	207,135.66	56,342.63
Deferred	15,000.00		
	$ 4,523,880.06	$ 4,200,054.34	$ 3,703,318.31

Comparative Statement:

Income and Expenditure:

	Years Ended December 31st 1942	1941	1940
Sales	$26,268,904.70	$21,032,783.15	$18,120,945.10
Cost of Sales, Selling and Administrative Expenses	25,438,007.70	20,553,664.84	17,796,929.11
Operating Profit	$ 830,897.00	$ 479,118.31	$ 324,015.99
Add: Interest Earned	10,986.18	11,051.41	7,676.26
	$ 841,883.18	$ 490,169.72	$ 331,692.25
Deduct:			
Provision for Depreciation of Fixed Assets	$ 163,700.32	$ 126,220.65	$ 115,551.28
Executive Remuneration	76,065.71	54,661.34	49,400.68
Directors' Fees	1,460.00	1,260.00	1,440.00
Legal Fees	14,317.50	7,154.31	7,631.56
	$ 255,543.53	$ 189,296.30	$ 174,023.52
Profit before provision for Income and Excess Profits Taxes	$ 586,339.65	$ 300,873.42	$ 157,668.73
Provision for Income and Excess Profits Taxes	285,000.00	130,806.00	56,850.00
Net Profit	$ 301,339.65	$ 170,067.42	$ 100,818.73

DOMINION STORES LIMITED